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Mary Palmer

THE

HISTORY

OF

ELIZA WARWICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

—"Vaulting Ambition, that o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on t'other ſide."——

VOL. II.



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THE

HISTORY

OF

ELIZA WARWICK.

LETTER *to the Marquis of* HUNTLEY, *continued.*

NO ſooner, my Lord, had Lady Gertrude pronounced her union with Sir Charles Beaufort, than I ſunk lifeleſs on the ſopha where we were ſitting. Ah! dear God! with what horror do I look back upon that day! With her Lady-

ſhip's care, I was brought back to my ſenſes—She would willingly have ſecreted the remaining part of her ſtory, becauſe ſhe ſaid it affected me too deeply—but, alas! what worſe could I hear? When ſhe declared to me *that I was robbed of virtue*, ſhe had told me every thing that could ſtrike horror into my ſoul—I however made one bold effort to recover my compoſure; and, after aſking her pardon for ſo unſeaſonable an interruption, ſhe reſumed her narration as follows:

"The Archbiſhop was ſworn to ſecrecy, and I became the wife of the man I loved. In about three months after our marriage, during which time Sir Charles's tenderneſs for me ſuffered no abatement, he received ſome Engliſh letters, one of which threw him into a ſtate of agitation that, with all his art, he could not conceal.

teal. He perused it over repeatedly; and, as he left the room, I heard him, with a ſigh, exclaim, 'Lovely, injured innocence!' My curioſity was excited—I languiſhed with a deſire of ſeeing that letter—and the next morning I contrived to ſteal it out of the pocket of the waiſtcoat he had worn the day before—I was ſure it was the ſame, for I had taken particular notice of its fold, and the writing which addreſſed it to my huſband. I read it over in hurry and confuſion—yet every word is ſtill imprinted on my memory. After I had finiſhed it, I returned it into the ſame pocket, and left his dreſſing-room without being ſuſpected. I will repeat to you the purport of this letter—it was written by Mr. Temple, of whom I had often heard him ſpeak. He told Sir Charles his preſence was wanting in England, to ſettle ſome

affairs which the Duke of Beauvariſe had left unfiniſhed—he ſpoke of his houſe in Groſvenor-Square, which was rebuilding, and begged him to come over if it was only to give proper directions about it—'yet,' added he, 'if what I have already mentioned can prove no inducement to you, ſuppoſe I aſſure you that the lovely Eliza is ſtill more charming than when you left her.' Here, Madam, he drew a picture of your beauties—the pencil, though it was held by the hand of a lover, did not do you juſtice—yet at that time I believed no earthly mortal could have arrived at ſuch perfection, either in mind or perſon, as was there deſcribed. He ſpoke of your virtue, your ſenſe, and your accompliſhments—he accuſed him of having treated you with diſreſpect, and want of affection—he reminded him of his engagements to you, and ſwore to

ſee them performed, or he would call Sir Charles his friend no longer. This was the moſt intereſting part of the whole; and this, I will frankly confeſs, gave me uneaſineſs enough. Some days after, Sir Charles mentioned to me, *that buſineſs of importance required his preſence in England —as the time of his embaſſy at that Court where we were was almoſt expired, and he had obtained a leave of abſence for ſome weeks, he would let me remain in* ———; *and, having given ſome neceſſary orders about a town-houſe for my reception, and ſeen that every thing was ready to receive me, he would return— make his farewel to the Court in form, in character of Miniſter from England—and take me over with him to thoſe ſcenes of pleaſure and delight which awaited me in my own country.* I begged him to let me attend him *then*, and ſaid that our mar-

riage might as well be declared directly as at any other time. He objected to my accompanying him, for the reaſons above alleged; and as to owning our nuptials, he thought *any time* would be a proper one—'yet,' cried he, kiſſing my hands with a *galant* air, 'do you not think it could be celebrated with more pomp and feſtivity when we return to England together? Every thing in which my Gertrude is concerned ſhould be elegant, ſplendid, magnificent: now I muſt leave you in two days; how, then, is it poſſible to avow our marriage at preſent? I ſhall be laughed at all over ———; they will call me the moſt inſenſible of lovers, the moſt *degalant* bridegroom—yet I *muſt* leave you.' I plainly ſaw he did not like my reaſoning on the matter; I therefore pretended to be ſatisfied, intreated him to return as

ſoon

ſoon as poſſible, and not to forget the faithful heart of Gertrude, which would attend him in *ſpirit* every where he went. We parted ſoon after, and he embarked for England.

"During his abſence I heard often from him—*his affairs detained him—he quarrelled with every thing that kept him from me*, he ſaid. Ah! he was then abuſing the moſt ſolemn vows, the moſt ſacred engagements!

"About four months after his departure, I expected my brother, Lord Goodwin, from Ireland. He had written to congratulate me on my marriage, and promiſed to ſee me ſoon in ——————.

"Some time after he arrived, I aſked him if he had ſtaid long in England? He

He told me, not three hours—*that he could aſſure me*, that though he had not ſeen my huſband, he had heard of him, from an intimate friend of his, a Col. Temple, who had been a ſchoolfellow of my brother's, and whoſe intimacy with him was renewed by their meeting in Ireland. 'I told Temple,' continued my brother, 'of your marriage with his friend; at which he ſeemed ſhocked, and much amazed: however, though he ſaid little on the ſubject, I could ſoon perceive Sir Charles's friends in England had other views for him—but you, my dear Gertrude, will by your affability and amiable deportment reconcile them to you ſooner than by boaſting of your high birth and great fortune—the latter you have too much good ſenſe to mention, the former you ever practiſe.'

"In

"In leſs than a fortnight after Lord Goodwin's arrival, I was ſurpriſed to ſee Sir Charles Beaufort enter my dreſſing-room—I flew to receive him, half wild with joy—but, oh! my God! how ſhocked was I to perceive his ſalutation in return; languid—cold—and polite. He informed us, *that he had fled from England after having revenged himſelf on Col. Temple for offering him a groſs inſult, which nothing but his life could extenuate—he had deprived him of that—and had employed all his intereſt to repreſent the affair in a favourable light to his Majeſty, and that he hoped ſoon to receive his gracious pardon.*

"After five months, ſpent in ———, from the time of his arrival, he was written to by ſeveral of his friends, to declare their ſucceſs, and to congratulate him on his

his being empowered to return once more to his own land, in ſafety and honour. Our marriage was then publickly owned at ———, and we departed for England with joy and impatience. When we got to London, I was conducted to Groſvenor-Square: our houſe was large, and fitted up with extreme elegance and ſuperbneſs. Sir Charles remained in town until we were both introduced at Court; he then left me, to go into the country, where he continued a whole fortnight without writing me a line. On his return, I reproached him *for having left me, almoſt a ſtranger in London, for ſo long a time, and ſo ſoon after my arrival* —I ſaid *that I was quite ignorant of the Engliſh cuſtoms, and therefore required a greater ſhare of his attendance.* He made me a cool bow—*aſſured me he was proud, on all occaſions, to ſhew himſelf*

my

my slave—but asked me directly, *Why I did not chuse a female instructor? for he vowed no one was more ignorant of the proper punctilios amongst my sex than he was—intreated me to apply to my aunt,* (the Dowager Lady Newport,) *or to many other of my relations,* whom he named—*and that would spare him at once so intolerable a share of* HONOUR *and* PLEASURE.

"The ludicrous manner in which he treated my reproach stung me to the soul, and I soon quitted the room in a flood of grief.

"One evening I observed him, as he was writing in his library, with the door on a jar, lay down his pen, open his bosom, and take out a chrystal locket, which he carried to his lips with fervour; tears

tears ſtreamed upon it, and he exclaimed, 'Charming, injured Eliza!' Ah! Madam, with what difficulty did I reſtrain my reſentment! *I did* command it—and, having heard enough, I flew to my own apartment, to indulge my ſorrow. He left me repeatedly in the ſame manner, and I had no doubt but that his repeated abſence was occaſioned by the dangerous and beautiful creature Colonel Temple had mentioned in his letter.

"When he was in town, he would ſhut himſelf up alone for hours; and he was continually writing, as he ſaid, upon buſineſs: however, in ſpite of all my efforts, I could never get a ſight of any of thoſe epiſtles which he penned with ſuch care and delight. About a fortnight ago he returned from one of his long and frequent journies, and had not been three

days

days in London before an expreſs arrived for him from Yorkſhire—his preſence there was ſuddenly wanted; and he left me, to obey the ſummons. He had written a long letter the night before his departure, and laid it on the table in his library. I heard him tell his valet to carry it in the morning to the poſt-office; but I contrived better—I deſired the ſervant, when I got up, which was earlier than uſual, to give the packet to me; and, as I was going out, I would make one of my footmen depoſit it in the office for him. The fellow thanked me, opened the door of the library, the key of which had been entruſted with him for the purpoſe, and bringing to me this much-wiſhed-for prize, I carried it to my cloſet, broke the ſeal, and read the tendereſt, the moſt impaſſioned words that ever were dictated. It was addreſſed

to

to you, Madam—you were the object that inſpired them. Ah! Heaven! my diſtraction almoſt made me diſcover my deſign. I ſealed the letter again, and carried it to the poſt-office; but I took care, ere it left my hands, to write down your addreſs. Sometimes I thought of revealing my ſentiments to you through the ſame channel Sir Charles did his. I began two letters, but left off diſſatisfied. At length, the ſcheme I have executed, of coming into Derbyſhire, and obtaining a perſonal interview, ſtruck me as being the beſt and ſureſt way. Here, Madam, my ſtory ends. I ſee the effect it has had upon you—but, ah! charming Eliza! forgive me, if I have made you unhappy—it is not *that* I ſought. I love the man who has deceived you—I pity your ſituation—and if it were poſſible for me to alleviate your ſorrow, I

ſhould

should think myſelf fortunate in ſhewing you that I conſider you no longer as an injurious rival."

Now, my excellent Lord Huntley, repreſent to yourſelf my ſorrow and deſpair. I aroſe—I flung myſelf at the feet of Lady Gertrude Beaufort—I implored her pardon for the miſery I had cauſed her—I avowed to her the innocence of my heart at the very moment I had injured her peace of mind—'Ah! Madam,' continued I, 'aſſiſt me to leave this horrid, this guilty houſe!—the very air, which I breathe, is peſtilential—Ah! let me fly—let me fly from ſuch perfidy—But, oh! my God! where, or to whom, can I go?—No covering, now, have I to hide my head—no innocence to revive my deſpairing heart—My crime ſtares me in the face—and every friend I had muſt

turn

turn their backs when I appear.' I wept not, my Lord—I was in too much agony to weep—My hands were claſped with rigour—my face was pale as death—my lips quivered with cold—and my knees refuſed to ſupport my frame—not a ſpark of life was perceptible but in my eyes—*they* rolled around, as if to find the author of my wretchedneſs, and to pierce him with their lightning. Thus was my ſituation deſcribed to me afterwards: I knew not how I looked, nor hardly where I was. Ah! unfortunate Eliza!

Jennet came into the room—What a ſcene enſued betwixt us!—She was ſoon made ſenſible of the horror of my fate—and this new miſery ſeemed to her more inſupportable than any other ſhe had experienced. She intreated Lady Gertrude to give us places in her coach to London —"there,"

—"there," continued ſhe, "my dear young Lady ſhall not want—I have ſtrength ſtill to work—and my labour ſhall be employed in maintaining her—But, oh! let us fly from this horrid place—let us bid adieu to it for ever—every moment that we ſtay renders us more criminal, more wretched."

Whilſt Jennet ſpoke thus, I had time to reflect upon what I ſhould do preparative to my departure from Derbyſhire. Lady Gertrude aſſured us we might command her coach, and that ſhe would ſee us comfortably ſettled in London—"in the mean time," added ſhe, "I will lodge you at the houſe of an old ſervant of my own, till you can look about you for a ſituation that may ſuit you better." Her words wrung my ſoul—I had not been accuſtomed to be obliged to ſtrangers

—much leſs to the ſort of woman that I perceived Lady Gertrude to be—My guardian had bred me up in eaſe and opulence—Sir Charles Beaufort had given me a taſte for magnificence—My heart ſighed at the air of lively *hauteur* which ſhone in Lady Gertrude's features—yet I thanked her for becoming the inſtrument of fathoming this fatal myſterious conduct of Sir Charles. I left the room, to prepare for my journey, whilſt Jennet ordered in refreſhments for Lady Gertrude.

I ſeparated the wardrobe I had before I lived with Sir Charles from that which his profuſion beſtowed on me after; the former I packed up, the latter I returned into the cheſts from whence I had juſt taken them out. My jewels, my trinkets, in ſhort, every thing which was preſented me by him, I put up into drawers;

drawers; and, locking them, I gave the keys to Mrs. Sindall, a truſty ſervant, whom Sir Charles had appointed my houſekeeper. After that was done, I retired to my cloſet, threw myſelf on my knees, and after giving way to a violent flood of tears, and recommending to the pity of Heaven my wretched condition, ſupplicating alſo mercy, as far as God ſaw me guilty in my connection with Sir Charles, I took up my pen and wrote the following lines:

"*To Sir* CHARLES BEAUFORT.

"THE unhappy wretch, Sir, who now addreſſes you, means not to reproach you with your perfidy, nor to tax you with her misfortunes.—I am, it is true, reduced to the very brink of de-

ſpair, and now totter on the precipice of deſtruction—no friendly twig can I lay hold of to ſave my fall—My innocence, which was my only dowry, I have been robbed of—and the peace of mind that conſcious virtue gave has been violently torn from me—yet, Sir, I will not reproach you—you may reconcile to yourſelf the treating me thus——I was a poor orphan—I had neither friends nor fortune—perhaps you thought me too ambitious—Be it ſo, have I not ſuffered ſufficiently?

"Then, Sir, I have one favour to aſk of you—If your triumph is compleat—if the ſacrifice of my honour, innocence, and reputation, has gratified your pride—oh! Sir, for once let pity ſoften your heart, and do not deny me the only gleam of comfort yet remaining—

maining—I conjure you, Sir, not to perſecute me in my retreat—never let me again behold a man whom I have ſo much reaſon to abhor—Permit me to ſpend the few years, or hours, to come, of my life, in lamenting my credulity, and expiating my offence——I quit your houſe this moment—your ſervant will deliver to you the keys of thoſe drawers which contain the finery of proſtitution—Heaven give you repentance!—and may the ruin of poor Eliza be the laſt of crimes for which you will one day be judged!"

This letter I alſo intruſted to the care of Mrs. Sindall; and prayed her, when her maſter came into Derbyſhire, to give it to him; but not, on any account, to ſend it by the poſt. She was a good ſort of woman, and I had no doubt of her

doing as I deſired. Mrs. Sindall promiſed to obey me. A few tears ſtrayed down her cheeks when I bid her adieu; though ſhe had no notion that I was any other than the wife of Beaufort, and that my abſence would be but temporary.

I had almoſt forgot to mention, that, with ſome preſents of money from my guardian, (made me at different times,) beſides a very beautiful watch, of many coloured golds, adorned with diamonds of the firſt water, and ſeveral other rich trinkets which his affection and generoſity laviſhed on me, I left Derbyſhire ſtill poſſeſſed of ſome things of value, which was a little comfort to Jennet, who ſeemed to dread the poverty that ſoon after ſtared us in the face; yet let me do her the juſtice to declare, that it was for my ſake alone ſhe ſhrunk at its approach.

Our

Our journey to London was a melancholy one, on the part of Jennet and me. Lady Gertrude endeavoured to reſtrain her ſatisfaction; but exultation ſtill danced in her eyes, in ſpite of all her efforts to conceal it. My poor heart was torn with conflicting paſſions; but judge ſo properly of it as to believe, my Lord, that a deteſtation of the author of my misfortune was not the leaſt predominant—How differently did he appear in thoſe minutes to my imagination!—it pictured him the murderer of Col. Temple—the perpetrator of infamy. I deplored the wretchedneſs of my fate—I bewailed my loſs of parents—of Beauvariſe—and of Temple. I was friendleſs and miſerable to the laſt degree in my own opinion. I beheld Lady Gertrude Beaufort with an eye of compaſſion; and if I envied her at all, it was not for the opportunities

ſhe would have of ſeeing Sir Charles, and being continually with him, but for that unſullied virtue which ſhe poſſeſſed, and which I could never more attain; yet, my Lord, amidſt theſe woes, the reflection of my never having given Beaufort reaſon to ſuppoſe he could have gained me on cheaper terms, afforded me ſome comfort; and though, to all appearance, I had been robbed of virtue, I ever adored its image, and it was ever engraven on my heart.

When we arrived in London, Lady Gertrude ordered her people to carry us to Mrs. Morris's; they did as they were deſired; and a very decent-looking woman having made her appearance, and preſſed us to walk in, her Ladyſhip accepted the invitation, and deſired us to follow her. We had not been long ſeated,

when

when Lady Gertrude begged to ſpeak to Mrs. Morris in another room: they left us for ſome minutes; and upon their return I was introduced to her as a lady, who, upon Lady Gertrude's recommendation, had taken lodgings there in preference to every other place. The good woman was kind, and teazing with her compliments—I was heartily ſick, diſtreſſed, and fatigued. Lady Gertrude ſoon after took her leave, and wiſhed me *all happineſs* in my *new habitation*: I thought ſhe ſpoke thoſe words with a degree of emphaſis which ſhocked me; however, my poor heart began to be accuſtomed to the rubs of fortune, and I endeavoured to prevent teſtifying that I was hurt by this laſt indelicate *ſtroke* of hers.

When Jennet and I took poſſeſſion of our

our apartment, we diſmiſſed the thrifty landlady, begging to be left to ourſelves: our requeſt was complied with; and we gave a looſe to our ſorrow. We recapitulated every ſcene that had happened which could have given us the leaſt ſuſpicion; and we both agreed, that things had been carried on ſo ſecretly, that our knowledge of Beaufort's baſeneſs muſt have proceeded from inſpiration alone. That night we neither of us ſlept—I was burning with a fever, which I imputed to the effect travelling poſt ever had on me; but it was of a more ſerious nature. The next day I was worſe; and, in the evening, became delirious—I had every ſymptom of the moſt alarming and dangerous illneſs. Jennet ſent for an apothecary who lived near us; he pronounced my caſe to be deſperate, but gave me medicines, which evidently increaſed the diſorder.

order. She refuſed to let me take any more of them, and diſpatched a meſſenger to Dr. H——, whoſe humanity, not to ſay a word of his merit as a phyſician, rendered his aſſiſtance the moſt deſirable thing in the world to her at that criſis. He told Jennet that I certainly was in infinite danger, but not to deſpair; for my youth might do much for me: he was not diveſted of hope, he ſaid; and, with proper care and attendance, I might do very well again. Dr. H—— propheſied truly—it was the will of Heaven that his ſkill, and Jennet's tenderneſs, ſhould reſtore me—but indeed, my Lord, my health has never ſince recovered the violent ſhock which my ſoul received at that fatal time—it was the cauſe of my illneſs—*that* alone reduced me to the door of death. Dr. H——, upon taking his leave, told me he had no more

advice

advice to give me which would require my ſending to my apothecary any further; but he had *ſtill* a piece, that, if I would promiſe to follow, he ſhould impart to me——I promiſed faithfully——"Well, then, Madam," ſaid he, reſpectfully taking my hand, "I cannot inſure you health long, unleſs you determine to caſt from you immediately thoſe ſubjects of uneaſineſs which have occaſioned this violent emotion in a frame ſo delicate—Something has diſturbed you—you are of a diſpoſition, I fancy, to brood over calamity—but, ah! forbear—your ſenſe, your religion, muſt teach you reſignation—you endanger your life by meditating on circumſtances diſtreſsful, and which human prudence could not foreſee—you muſt therefore owe the preſervation of your life to a calm and chearful patience—diſſipate your ideas when they grow

grow too intereſting; and, by a noble effort of heroiniſm, recover at once your peace and health." Tears ſtreamed down my cheeks as he ſpoke---He was affected ---but kindly endeavoured to contribute to my chearfulneſs by calling another ſubject. In ſhort, my Lord, Dr. H—— ſpoke to me in ſo gentle, ſo ſenſible a manner, that I thought of his departure from me with reluctance.

When I was pretty well recovered, I found that my expences (for Jennet ſpared no coſt in getting every thing for me that ſhe fancied I required) had ſwallowed up what little ready money we had; and, after a long conſultation with her, I prevailed on her to let me apply to ſome milliner for employment---"I can draw and paint well," cried I; "it will be an amuſement to me to do ſuch ſort of work:

on

on their fan-mounts; and, as I have a quick hand, I will contrive, by my induſtry, to ſave ſome of thoſe trinkets which my dear guardian gave me—I will, however, part with a few at preſent; till I am ſettled in this new way of life, we muſt raiſe money as we can; after that I promiſe you we will want for little." Jenniet could not bear the thought of this undertaking; but I over-ruled her objections, and applied to Mrs. Morris that very night to ſpeak to ſome milliner for me on the ſubject. She ſoon informed us, that ſhe could get work enough of that ſort for me; and, as I was to be paid in proportion to what I executed, the price could not then be determined. I deſired Mrs. Morris to bring me ſome the next day, and to fix my employment with one of thoſe milliners ſhe had ſpoken to. Every thing was done as I directed, and

and I entered upon my new plan with an apparent chearfulneſs, which I ſaw my amiable Jennet was both amazed and pleaſed at; yet ſhe could not overcome her ſorrow at the ſight—tears and ſighs would frequently eſcape her—and I would ſurpriſe her, with her eyes fixed up to Heaven, and her hands claſped with fervour, as if invoking the bleſſed ſpirit of my mother to comfort and pray for her unhappy child.

Jennet was cook, nurſe, companion, and friend, to me. I was often unhappy to ſee her have ſo much work and trouble, and as often did I try to ſhare it with her; but *there* ſhe was ever refractory. She took in plain linen, and executed a good deal of it; for which ſhe was very well paid. As for my fancies, they were more amuſing at firſt than

but

than they were afterwards; but every thing I undertook ſoon grew tireſome and inſipid to me: I laboured, however, at the work, and ever pretended to Jennet that it was highly agreeable to me. I had received ſome money for my performances; and though I did not think it adequate to their value, yet ſtill, as it helped to maintain us, I was contented to go on at the ſame rate.

Mrs. Morris one evening had a cold—I had finiſhed a week's taſk, and Jennet was therefore obliged to get the milliner's direction, and carry it thither herſelf. As ſhe waited in the ſhop to receive her money, Col. Middleton entered it, to look at ſome ruffles. Jennet hung her head, and diſappeared as ſoon as ſhe could, telling the woman, that, as ſhe ſaw ſhe was buſy, ſhe would call another time.

Col.

Col. Middleton, however, knew her, in ſpite of her endeavours to conceal herſelf; and, without ſeeming to take any notice of her, he dogged her, at a diſtance, to the door of our houſe. She entered it in much confuſion, and informed me that ſhe had ſeen him---It fluttered me extremely---I ſtarted at every ſound---I trembled at every noiſe---yet neither of us ſuppoſed he had obſerved her. About ten o'clock that night I heard a buſtle on the ſtairs---Mrs. Morris's voice was loud---ſhe declared no one ſhould go up without my orders---I could not diſtinguiſh any reply that was made her; but haſtening to the door, I turned the key, and bolted it beſides. The lock was tried by ſome one on the outſide; but finding I was prepared to refuſe them admittance, the door was violently forced open, by its being preſſed againſt with

much ſtrength, and in ruſhed Sir Charles Beaufort and Col. Middleton. I cannot tell you what my emotions were at beholding the former---I ſcreamed in an agony of woe---I clapped my hands involuntarily to my eyes, to prevent their ſeeing him. He approached me---he threw himſelf at my feet. I ſtarted from him.

" Ah! my God!" cried he, " how little did I expect this, when laſt we parted!---Is this my tender, my enchanting Eliza!---Oh! pity, pity your Beaufort---I am in deſpair---I am ingulphed in wretchedneſs. Do you fly me? Will you not even look at me?---Alas! I would not hurt you for the world---Do but ſpeak to me"---and, riſing, he advanced to embrace me---" do call me once more *your* Beaufort---then let me die---

die---for I can ask no more." His voice, my Lord---oh! that harmonious accent---it ſtill vibrates on my ear---yes, his voice was then the voice of Deſpair indeed. I puſhed him from me with all the ſtrength I could aſſume---and, calling up my reſolution, I ſpoke to him thus:

'You have robbed me, Sir, of innocence, peace, and reputation---you have abuſed the moſt ſacred engagements---you have broken the moſt ſolemn vows---What more do you deſire of me that you have not yet obtained?---If to perſecute me to the very verge of the grave ---if to render my life ſtill more inſupportable than you have already made it---if ſuch be your wiſh, Sir---why I muſt ſtill bear up againſt your cruelty, and only intreat of Heaven to ſhorten the few days yet remaining of my wretched

life---Ah! my God!' continued I, with ſtreaming eyes, 'it was your bleſſed will to ſnatch from me my guardian---Upon his dying bed, Sir, he bequeathed me to you---he told me to fear nothing---that *you* would be my father---my protector---my huſband---Ah! how little did he think *you* would prove my bittereſt enemy!---the ſeducer of my youth---the betrayer of my innocence!'

During this ſpeech, which was pronounced with the utmoſt warmth of ſuffering ſenſibility, Sir Charles regarded me with the moſt fixed attention. When I mentioned the Duke of Beauvariſe, he ſtarted; and when I accuſed him of becoming my enemy, he threw himſelf on his knees before me. When my grief choaked my voice, and ſtopped my utterance, he looked up in my face---he

paused for some moments---and then, catching hold of a part of my gown, he exclaimed---

" Speak on, my Eliza!---cover me with infamy---yet, if this will extenuate my crime, hear me, ye blessed saints!" ——'Hold, Sir,' cried I, interrupting him---'no more---I am sick of your perfidy---you have sworn too often to deceive me again.' He bowed, and remained silent; but his sorrow was agonizing---he sobbed aloud---his tears fell upon my gown, which he still hugged close to his bosom---the sighs of his soul burst forth, in spite of all his efforts to suppress them ---and at the moment I beheld him with horror, I pitied his situation.

I turned to Col. Middleton---'Sir,' said I, 'let me implore you to prevail

on your friend to depart---Why am I thus perplexed? Is it to renew my diſtreſs? Is it to caſt me into the moſt dreadful of torments? Is he not now acting againſt all reaſon---againſt his honour? Where is his amiable---his beautiful wife? Why does he not *now* recompenſe his charming Gertrude for all the pangs I *unknowingly* made her ſuffer?'

At her name he raiſed his eyes---He ſeized my hands---"Eliza!" cried he, "never, for the ſake of my peace, never mention her again---Oh! the curſed wretch!---ſhe is the ſole cauſe of your ruin, and my miſery---Her arts---Damn her! damn her!" 'Sir Charles,' replied I, 'forbear---I will not be compelled to hear you longer---do not ſtay to ſee me die at your feet.' He caught me in his arms---I ſtruggled to diſengage myſelf---

I ſuc-

I ſucceeded, and was quitting the room, when Col. Middleton threw himſelf between me and the door---This was paſt all endurance, and I burſt into tears---Sir Charles immediately approached me ---"Moſt adored of your ſex! ſince I am indeed become the unhappy object of your averſion, be under no apprehenſion ---I will leave you inſtantly---but firſt let me preſent you with what your guardian left you in my hands, and which is yours by every title upon earth."---He kneeled ---he claſped my knees---I was in an agony of deſpair---but he aroſe, and taking from his pocket a large paper, he put it into my lap. I threw it from me. He would not ſtay to hear my refuſal; but, bidding me an adieu which ſeemed to rend his heart aſunder, he precipitately left the room with Col. Middleton.

Jennet had been out of the way during this ſcene; ſhe had gone home with her own work as ſoon as it was finiſhed, and by that means eſcaped the ſight of Sir Charles Beaufort. When ſhe returned, ſhe found Mrs. Morris bathing my temples with lavender-water, and recovering me from a fainting fit, which had ſeized me on their departure. She was ſoon made acquainted with the cauſe; and Mrs. Morris added, that upon her aſſuring Sir Charles no ſuch lady as he deſcribed lived there, Col. Middleton told her he would take his oath that he had ſeen Jennet enter the houſe about three hours before; and, without hearing any thing further, Sir Charles flew up ſtairs, and was followed by his friend.

Mrs. Morris ſoon after quitted the room; and I told Jennet all that had paſſed,

ſpaſſed, and preſented her with the paper Beaufort had given me. She opened it—it was a ſettlement of a thouſand a year on me during my life, and at my death to be diſpoſed of as I pleaſed. We both exclaimed together, "How ſhall we contrive to return it to him!" It was at laſt determined that Jennet ſhould go early to his houſe in Groſvenor-Square, and leave it with his valet, who was truſty, and faithful to him. She did ſo; and with our poverty we were happier than if we had condeſcended to be obliged to him. Jennet alſo went to look for other lodgings for us: we conſidered ourſelves as no longer ſafe, ſince Sir Charles was privy to our habitation; and ſhe fixed on a ſpot retired, and conveniently ſituated for our work.

To Mrs. Morris we diſcovered the ſecret of

of our abode; and, as ſhe diſintereſtedly approved of our removal, we agreed to convey our things away from her houſe that very day.

Sir Charles perſecuted that good woman---he was continually with her to endeavour to get intelligence of the place of our reſidence---he gave her letters to carry to me, but ſhe would directly return them to him, feigning ignorance where to find me; ſo I did not hear more from Sir Charles for a length of time.

What often ſurpriſed me, my Lord, was, that Lady Gertrude deigned no further to viſit me than juſt whilſt it could ſerve her own purpoſe to do ſo---I thought I could not have treated any poor creature in that way---however, on the whole, I was

I was not ſorry for it; for, to ſay the truth, I abhorred the idea of ſeeing either her or her huſband.

A few months had paſſed, when one day Mrs. Morris came to viſit us---She ſeemed to be in great affliction---We aſked her the cauſe---and I do aſſure you I was ſhocked when ſhe informed us of it.

"Lady Gertrude Beaufort, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "I attended on from the earlieſt days of her infancy until her return to England, when my years pleaded want of reſt; and, as I could no longer be of ſervice to her, I retired to keep houſe for myſelf---She has ever been kind and gracious to me---and I muſt very ſoon loſe her for ever." Here ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. We prayed her to explain *how ſhe was about to loſe her*---we inquired

quired with eagerneſs concerning her---and felt ourſelves intereſted in her fate.

"Why, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "I fear things are worſe at home than they ſhould be---Sir Charles Beaufort ſcarcely ever ſaw his Lady for a length of time---She was courted, admired, attended, by every other man of faſhion and elegance---To forget her ſorrows, ſhe almoſt lived in public---Her form, her conſtitution, were both delicate---The event is, that ſhe is now ſo far gone in what the phyſicians call a galloping conſumption, that I fear a very few weeks, if not days, muſt put an end to her exiſtence."

The good Mrs. Morris's grief redoubled---Jennet's tears and mine accompanied every ſyllable ſhe had uttered---and ſhe left us infinitely concerned at the melancholy

melancholy end of a young and beautiful woman, whoſe affliction I doubly lamented, as having been the unfortunate though innocent cauſe of it.

In about a month after, we were told by Mrs. Morris of Lady Gertrude's death; and Jennet and I were ſincere and artleſs mourners of her untimely fate.

I had now a calamity, my Lord, to contend with, that I tremble to name--- If through the ſeries of wretchedneſs that has befallen the unhappy Eliza you ſhould have dropt a tear, refuſe not at leaſt ſome ſighs of compaſſion to the memory of my dear and ever-valued Jennet.

It was about this time ſhe was attacked with a violent bilious complaint in her ſtomach, attended with a fever---it was a long

long and ſevere illneſs ſhe endured---however, to all appearance ſhe recovered of it, though in fact its hold had taken too deep root ever to be exterminated but with life. Jennet was pronounced by Dr. H---- to be out of danger---"that is," continued he, in a low voice to me, "out of *immediate* danger---Good ſpirits, and nouriſhment, are now the remaining preſcriptions I give, and from which I have every hope." She grew better, as I thought; and this was a comfort to my heart beyond what it had experienced before for many months.

Whilſt Jennet was gaining ſtrength, I neglected my work, in order to amuſe her, by reading to her the works of ſuch authors as ſhe was fond of; and as a total ſtagnation was by that means put to our getting any money, which we were

were then much in want of, I ſent to beg Mrs. Morris to come to me one morning. She immediately obeyed my ſummons; and I charged her with the diſpoſal of a diamond ring, and ſome other trinkets, which I prayed her to ſell to the beſt advantage. She kindly undertook the taſk, and gave me a promiſe of returning in the evening. This amiable woman, my Lord, (who, it ſeems, had been informed of my ſad ſtory from the mouth of her late Lady,) wept at the office my neceſſities had forced upon her, and ſhe lamented ſincerely my change of fortune. Her humanity, however, miſled her judgment, and induced her to take a ſtep which was more diſagreeable to me than the parting with all the jewels in my poſſeſſion could have been.

Sir Charles Beaufort had been conſtantly

ſtantly importuning her to diſcloſe the ſecret of my retreat to him, particularly ſince the death of Lady Gertrude; and ſhe had as conſtantly withſtood every temptation he had offered to induce her to reveal it: but, when ſhe conſidered his unabated love for me---when ſhe reflected that ſhe could no longer injure her loved miſtreſs by ſuch a proceeding---and, above all, when the knowledge of my poverty called for her aſſiſtance---ſhe thought ſhe could not do better than give Sir Charles Beaufort an opportunity of declaring his honourable intentions towards me---without having an idea that a confidence once abuſed is ſeldom or never regained---Indeed, to argue more from my own feelings, my delicacy once alarmed, once diſguſted, would ever teach me to abhor and ſhun the wretch who had conſpired againſt my peace, againſt my virtue.

Mrs. Morris, after weighing *maturely* each conſideration, whether or not ſhe ſhould impart to Sir Charles a ſecret he ſo ardently wiſhed to become maſter of, found many more conveniences, if not pleaſures, would reſult from an interview between us, than could poſſibly happen from her keeping a pertinacious ſilence, which muſt inevitably cauſe miſery to one if not both of us. Fraught with this miſtaken notion, inſtead of carrying my trinkets to a jeweller, ſhe made the beſt of her way to Groſvenor-Square. Sir Charles's valet, knowing what a welcome viſitant his maſter would think Mrs. Morris, ſoon brought her to the ſpeech of him; and the good (yet weak) woman related to him not only my place of habitation, but the ſtory of the commiſſion which I had given her.

Beaufort ſeemed tranſported, and thanked her on his knees for her unexpected intelligence. He begged her to give him the trinkets I had intruſted to her; and, charging her not to mention a word of what had paſſed, preſented her with fifty guineas, and deſired her to tell me ſhe had ſold them for that ſum. Mrs. Morris gladly accepted them for my uſe; and, priding herſelf on the ſucceſs of her negotiation, ſhe hurried to me at the time appointed, and gave me the money in the ſecret manner Sir Charles had adviſed her. I was ſurpriſed at the largeneſs of the ſum, as I had before parted with ſome other of my guardian's preſents, which I had thought of no leſs value, and which had not yielded me half that profit; however, ſhe anſwered my objections ſo as to remove them—I made no ſcruple to receive the fifty guineas,

and

and imputed to Jennet's ignorance of ſuch bargains the trifle ſhe had ſold the others for.

I was happy to have it in my power to contribute now ſo greatly to my dear Jennet's comfort, and by procuring little delicacies engage her to take a larger portion of nouriſhment than ſhe had done for ſome time. She was ignorant of this late acquiſition, as I feared it might grieve her, if I mentioned any thing of parting with the baubles I had ſo much prized.

That evening, as I was entertaining Jennet in the uſual way of reading to her aloud, the door of the room we were in ſuddenly opened, and Sir Charles Beaufort ſtood before us. I was about to fly, on perceiving who it was; but he prevented me, by catching hold of my hand.

He was dreſſed in full mourning, he looked thin and pale, and there was ſomething in the turn of his features that beſpoke deſpair.

"Stay, Eliza," cried he, in a compoſed and ſoft accent; "I do aſſure you I will not terrify—I will ſay nothing that can offend you—Be yourſelf," continued he, leading me to a ſeat—"reſume that happy tranquility which you once poſſeſſed—Look on me—I am the unhappy, the repentant Beaufort, with whom you have ſpent ſome bliſsful moments—Thoſe, it is true, are paſſed—but *ſtill* I am your lover—Diſpel, then, theſe fears, and be perſuaded that my own life and ſafety are not ſo dear to me as your repoſe."

'Ah! Sir,' replied I, 'how different have

have ever been your words and actions! Have I not before aſſured you, that my *repoſe*, which you pretend to value thus highly, depended on never ſeeing or even hearing from you more? And yet you take the very ſtep which, of all others, you are well convinced muſt be the moſt obnoxious to my ſoul.'

"I did not, cruel Eliza!" anſwered Sir Charles, "ſuppoſe that horror would have ſubſiſted after the death of the unhappy Gertrude—I own you have ſtill the ſame cauſe to reproach my perfidy—but, ſurely, you have not the ſame to refuſe me now and then a ſight of you!—you can injure her no longer—but, ah! reflect, by depriving me of the only joy I can experience on earth, you render me at once an object of deſpair—of wretchedneſs unknown before." He kiſſed my

hands with ardour, and the drops of repentance fell from his languid eyes—He raiſed his head at the ſound of grief which iſſued from a corner of the room—He obſerved Jennet, who had crept from the fire-ſide on his entrance, and, to avoid his ſight as much as poſſible, had retired to a chair as far from him as the ſmallneſs of our humble apartment would permit her to go—She had in vain endeavoured to ſuppreſs her ſorrow and reſentment, and hoped to have eſcaped his notice intirely; but Sir Charles Beaufort ever eſteemed Jennet, and, if he had not ſeen, would have aſked me for her, eſpecially as Mrs. Morris had deſcribed to him the long and painful illneſs ſhe had endured.

As ſoon as he beheld her, he quitted me, and, approaching her, he kneeled and

and kiſſed her hand—" My much-revered, my good, my kind Jennet! ſuffer me in this poſture to intreat your pardon for the anguiſh, the miſery, I have occaſioned your dear ward and you—Ah! my amiable friend!" continued Sir Charles, " my love for her was ever firm—was ever unabated—but a curſed infatuation ——Well, of that no more—poor Gertrude has fully expiated for all the ſorrow ſhe has cauſed me, and"———' Stop, Sir,' cried Jennet, ' ſtop—We do not queſtion you about your marriage—If you had a right to break the moſt ſolemn vows, God alone muſt exact an account why and how you ſhould poſſeſs that right—However, Sir, in defiance of all your oaths and promiſes, you married—Had your villainy ſtopped there, it could not have affected us—But why, in the honoured names of her father, mother,

and guardian—I aſk you, Sir, in their names—why did you dare to inſult and betray the innocence of a young and helpleſs orphan, who had nothing to depend upon but that ſpotleſs fame which your brutality, your diſhonourable proceeding, has caſt an indelible ſtain upon? —Begone! begone!' exclaimed ſhe, with a ſtrength of voice which I thought her weak frame incapable of exerting—'begone, vile man!—And, oh!' continued ſhe, claſping her hands with fervour, 'may I never again be tormented with the ſight of one who has robbed my ſweet, my lovely young lady, of that ſerenity and peace of mind which Heaven, with her immaculate innocence, had given her as her dowry.' Sir Charles Beaufort was ſhocked, was agitated beyond deſcription, at this animated, this ſtrong reproach. As for my part, I ſat a motionleſs

tionleſs ſpectatreſs of the ſcene—my heart had been ſo long inured to fears, and ſorrow, that I ſeemed at that moment to be deprived of thoſe keen ſenſations which I had ſo often experienced before even at the mention of this unworthy man—but I was then exhauſted—my terrors for Jennet's life had lately put my feelings to their utmoſt ſtretch—the cord appeared at that moment to have been relaxed from over-much ſtraining, and I was for the only inſtant of my exiſtence inſenſible to the woes before me.

Beaufort aroſe—"Madam," cried the unfortunate man, "you are juſt—I am but too ſenſible of it—Alas! however ſevere, I merit all you can ſay—Yet I did hope—yes, mercileſs Jennet! I did flatter myſelf—you would not have rejected the penitence of a wretch, who has nothing

thing but his *penitence* to offer to his God and to your honoured lady—But I am puniſhed deſervedly—If I ſwear, you reproach me with my broken vows—if I ſubmit to your accuſations, but beg you to remember mercy, you command me to be gone, and to deſpair——Well, then, I will go—but, yet, how ſhall I? ——Oh! compaſſionate me, Jennet," throwing himſelf once more on his knees before her—" here I lay open to you my bleeding, my agonizing heart—I am miſerable—yes, I am miſerable in the utmoſt extreme of the word—wound me no further—intercede for me—let me claim a more legal title to her, to your favour —the ceremony of marriage—oh! bleſs me with its performance—ſhe is mine by every other right—yield her to me now in that ſacred band, that muſt inſure us bliſs for ever." Jennet was torn with

conflicting

conflicting ſtruggles—ſhe knew too well ſhe ſhould not long ſurvive—the idea of leaving me without one friend in the world, without the ſhadow of a protector, ſhocked her tenderneſs—but her delicate ſoul ſtill recoiled at the thought of giving me a ſecond time to a man from whom my honour had received an injury, never to be compenſated in her opinion—yet his unfeigned penitence, his open avowal of marriage, his ſoul-rending grief, all conſpired to make her pity and ſtrive to relieve his agony.

When Sir Charles had done ſpeaking, he fixed his wild impatient eyes in her face—She wept plentifully—ſhe could not utter a word. He approached me—he took my cold, my paſſive hand—and led me to the feet of Jennet—

"Here,

"Here, Jennet," continued he, "look on this maſter-piece of perfection—Will you not inſure her youth a fond, a cheriſhing protector?" Jennet looked up, and, claſping her arms around me, ſhe exclaimed, 'What does my dear Miſs Eliza ſay?—Will ſhe conſent?—I ſhall not long be with you—Will you once more truſt to the vows of Sir Charles Beaufort?—Shall he ſupply the place of your poor faithful Jennet?' "Never," cried I, with a firm compoſure, "never, as long as I live, will I truſt to a man from whom I have ſuffered ſuch injury; yet," continued I, "miſtake me not, Sir—I forgive you—from the bottom of my heart I forgive you—My prayers for your health, your repentance, and your happineſs, ſhall be your attendants ever—but never can I conſent, even for your own credit's ſake, to give you a wife whoſe

whoſe innocence is ſtained, whoſe character is loſt."

Perhaps, my Lord, you may ſuppoſe I wept—perhaps you repreſent to yourſelf my form as a pathetic picture of woe—No—I reſembled an inſenſible ſtatue—I had no tears—I felt no grief—nothing could at that moment have made an impreſſion on my ſoul—even the diſtreſs, the agonizing diſtreſs, of Sir Charles Beaufort affected me not. Now you may believe that I had conquered ſenſibility itſelf.

He claſped his hands in wild aſtoniſhment—he wrung them in deep deſpair—he caſt himſelf at my feet—he beſought me to recal the dreadful ſentence I had pronounced—he exclaimed againſt it in the agony of his heart—he ſwore to put

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an end to his wretched life, if I perſiſted in refuſing him. I beheld him in meek ſurpriſe, and pitied the affliction his own guilt had involved him in—I told him, if he would leave us immediately, (for I ſaw my poor Jennet was almoſt overcome by the violence of his ſorrow,) he ſhould hear from me in two days at fartheſt—that I would conſider well on all that had paſſed that night, and that he ſhould ſoon receive my determination, provided I neither ſaw nor heard from him in the mean time.

"Ah!" cried he, "muſt I leave you in ſuch horrid uncertainty!—you have, perhaps, doomed me already to eternal miſery, and you fear to repeat it to me—but do not—I will not alarm you—I will not expire before you—I will ſpare your eyes the terror of that ſcene." 'Well, well,' anſwered

anſwered I, 'pray oblige me in my turn —I do not wiſh to inſpire you with hope —I am above acting towards you with duplicity—Give me, however, two days to determine finally—If I can bring myſelf to think of you with leſs horror—if I can ſo far compaſſionate your repentance as to reward it—I will tell you ſo—but at preſent I muſt be candid enough to ſay, my delicacy, nay, my ſenſes, muſt be lulled aſleep, if ever I conſent again to aſſume the title of your wife. Adieu! Sir—till you quit this houſe I will ſuffer nothing to plead for you in my boſom.'

The unfortunate Sir Charles was too much ſhocked, too little himſelf, to offer to detain me; and I walked out of the room without moleſtation. When I was gone, he intreated Jennet, in the moſt pathetic manner, to become his advocate.

advocate. She promiſed little—but he flattered himſelf, from the ſhare of pity ſhe ſeemed to beſtow on him, that ſhe would plead for him with ſucceſs—yet he took his leave in no enviable ſtate of mind—doubts, hopes, and fears, were the companions of his breaſt—and the reproaches he muſt have made his own heart were not the leaſt of his puniſhments.

When we were left to ourſelves, I prevailed on Jennet to retire to reſt directly, ſaying that at breakfaſt, the next morning, we would talk over the ſtrange occurrences of the evening. She aſſented to my propoſal; and as ſoon as ſhe was in bed, and aſleep, I returned to the other room, and, throwing myſelf on an old-faſhioned row of chairs, I gave a looſe to thoſe ſenſations which until that moment

ment I imagined I had for ever conquered.

You will wonder, my Lord, why I ſhould have put off Sir Charles to a later day, and why I ſhould have kept him for an inſtant in ſuſpence—but, if you will conſider my ſituation at that period, you muſt be convinced, that, had I not by ſome little art engaged him to quit us, my dear Jennet, already exhauſted, would ſoon have ſunk beneath the fatigue of mind and body that oppreſſed her.

The next morning my kind friend aſked me what I had determined on?

"My deareſt Jennet," cried I, "is it poſſible that you, who know me, ſhould doubt one minute of my reſolution?—Every thing tells me I ſhould not hearken

to Sir Charles---my ſoul diſdains his perfidy---and who knows but this repentance may be ſuch a piece of his art as we cannot ſee through?---But if in that reſpect I ſhould injure him, my heart no longer acknowledges his empire over it---I once loved him---ah! my God! to what a degree of fondneſs did I love him!---but at the inſtant I ceaſed to *eſteem* Sir Charles Beaufort, the purity of my ſentiments forbade me to behold him longer in the light of a lover---I will ſooner die than vow to honour a man for whom I muſt ever poſſeſs the moſt intire contempt."

Jennet argued with me, but ſhe had the worſt ſide to defend. We at length agreed to change once more our place of habitation, and that I ſhould then write to Sir Charles, and leave my letter with Mrs. Morris for him. We determined, however,

however, not to intruſt her again with our ſecret, as we ſuſpected it was ſhe alone who could have diſcovered our retreat to Sir Charles.

Jennet and I went together in a coach to many houſes that advertiſed for lodgers, and at laſt we made choice of one that ſeemed moſt eligibly ſituated for us, and ſettled the terms. I had our things carried thither that very day; and after diſcharging all our expences at the former lodging, Jennet and I immediately took poſſeſſion of our new one. Prior to our departure though, I ſent for Mrs. Morris, reproached her with the information ſhe had given to Sir Charles Beaufort, and aſſured her of its having occaſioned me much trouble and vexation. The poor woman confeſſed to me, with tears in her eyes, the whole ſtory; and the idea

of the fine gowns diſtreſſed me beyond meaſure. However, as I had broken in upon them, I gave Mrs. Morris my watch —I intreated her not to deceive me, but to ſell it; and, as it was, with its chain and appurtenances, a very beautiful, and, indeed, magnificent ornament, I did hope, with the ring and the other things which Sir Charles had taken from Mrs. Morris, it would make up to the full the ſum which he had ſent me by her. At the ſame time I gave her a letter for Sir Charles, which I begged her to deliver to him the next day. We ſaid nothing of our intentions to leave the houſe we received her in; and ſhe bid us adieu! promiſing to do all as I directed. The letter I ſent Sir Charles Beaufort was as follows:



"To

"*To Sir* CHARLES BEAUFORT.

"AT the moment that I muſt refuſe a requeſt on which (if your proteſtations may be believed) your happineſs depends, my ſoul trembles at the idea of giving you uneaſineſs---but it is paſt---My reaſon, my delicacy, my peace, called loudly on me to determine as I have done; and you, Sir, muſt blame my cruel ſtars, not me, if you think that in this point I have treated you with rigour.

"Mrs. Morris will make good to you the money you were ſo kind as to furniſh her with for my uſe; with it, Sir, receive my thanks for your generous intention.

"I once more intreat that I may be thought of by you no further than as a friend, who will ever pray ſincerely for that ſerenity of mind which your return to virtue can alone inſure. Adieu! Sir: this is the laſt time, I truſt, that you will conſider it worth your while to perſecute a wretch worn with grief, and little able to contend againſt a new affliction—— Heaven guard you!

"ELIZA WARWICK."

We were now ſure that we had eſcaped for ever this dangerous, this inſinuating man; and we once more endeavoured to regain that tranquility which our conſtant fears and alarms had deprived us of for many a long day: but, alas!---ah! they will never end!---*Never*, did I ſay?---Ungrateful

grateful Eliza!---Yes, my Lord, they will very ſoon ceaſe to torment; and the unfortunate orphan, who now relates her woes, will, ere many days expire, be tranſlated to thoſe bliſsful regions where pain and ſorrow come not---Be not affected, dear Huntley, at this aſſurance---rejoice with me at the proſpect which now opens before me, and *with me* look forward with exultation and delight.

* * * * *

Soon after we were ſettled in our new abode, I ſaw my dear and amiable friend viſibly dying by ſlow gradations---her ſtrength deſerted her---a fever conſumed her---and the gnawing vulture, grief, preyed upon her vitals. All this I ſaw with terror, with agony. Ah! my Lord, who can paint the exquiſite miſery I endured!---

dured!---my hand trembles as I write---my heart ſickens at the bare remembrance of what I was at that time about to ſuffer.

Dr. H——, whoſe kind aſſiſtance I again implored, gave me little reaſon to hope her recovery, and in a ſhort time aſſured me all medicine was fruitleſs. Jennet was herſelf perfectly ſenſible of her approaching diſſolution---yet I never believed it would happen ſo ſoon.

One evening, as I was reading to her while ſhe lay on the bed, ſhe aroſe from her reclining poſture, and, taking hold of my hand, ſhe thus addreſſed me:

"My dear young lady! be not alarmed, be not grieved, at an event that will happen in a few hours, and which all our care

care has not been able to prevent---God has pleaſed to call me out of this world, at a time, indeed, when moſt I wiſhed to live---when your friendleſs ſituation would render your Jennet a neceſſary companion---and when her ſervices would appear to you moſt uſeful---But how ſhall I do my duty to my Creator, if I thus repine at his commands?---Yet, oh! my dear, my valued child!" cried ſhe, embracing me as I ſat, "how ſhall I leave you, thus alone, as it were, in the wide world!---Who will attend on you in ſickneſs?---who will comfort you in ſorrow?"

'Oh! Jennet, Jennet,' replied I, claſping my arms about her as if to detain her from going, 'do not, do not leave me---What will become of me, indeed!---I have no one to comfort, no one to protect me but you---Ah, God! will you ſnatch from me the only conſolation I have

have left?' She replied not---and I raiſed up my eyes to her face---Ah! my Lord, I perceived at that moment ſhe was ſtruggling with Death---'What,' cried I, frantic, 'will you go, then?---Jennet, Jennet, my deareſt, beſt of friends! will you forſake the poor orphan you have loved ſo long?' She raiſed her eyes to Heaven, as if intreating its protection of me---ſhe could not ſpeak---her voice had failed her---her breath grew ſhort. The idea of loſing her gave way at that inſtant to a conſideration leſs ſelfiſh, and I exerted my reaſon to appear compoſed, and to aſſiſt her in her dying moments. She ſhortly after graſped my hand with fervour---and, laying her face on my lap, as I ſat by her, expired. Thus died the ſincereſt of friends, and the moſt amiable of women!

* * * * *

When

When I found that ſhe was really gone, my ſhrieks brought up the landlady of the houſe, who was, moſt fortunately for me, of a humane and gentle diſpoſition. She ſpoke to me in that common ſtyle which people on ſuch occaſions miſtake for comfort---ſhe, however, let fall many a tear at the ſight of my affliction---and if ſhe knew not how to alleviate my ſorrows, ſhe could at leaſt ſympathize in them---But, my Lord, I then gave myſelf up as a creature deſpiſed by the world, and abandoned by Heaven---I reflected on Jennet's tenderneſs, her faithfulneſs, both to my mother and to me---My miſery and deſpair are not to be expreſſed.

"Ah!" would I often ſay, as I embraced her lifeleſs form---"ah! my more than parent!---in this ſtroke, in this *one* ſtroke, have I experienced the greateſt misfortune

misfortune that could befal me!---Now to whom can I apply for advice?---to whom ſhall I unboſom my full heart?---Where ſhall I find ſuch a friend?---*Such a friend!*---ah! *now*, I have not one friend in the world!"

When my Jennet was buried---oh! good God! what a ſcene!——I will ſpare you, my Lord---I will paſs it over.

* * * * *

In defraying the expences of Jennet's burial I parted with my laſt guinea, and I had neither reſolution nor ſpirits to undertake any employment for my ſubſiſtence---a ſlow fever hung upon me---and I was, from fatigue and anxiety, emaciated to a mere ſkeleton. My kind landlady waited upon and nurſed me with the

the tenderneſs of a mother---but, I know not how it is, my Lord, poverty and pride are ſuch inſeparable companions, that I could not bear to be further obliged than I had a proſpect of repaying---I therefore ſhunned Mrs. Adams, and would remain whole days, locked up in my apartment, without beholding the face of any creature but a ſervant who would bring me up for breakfaſt and dinner ſomething that her good miſtreſs would provide for me. In the mean time, grief preyed upon my heart, and, like a pernicious reptile on a roſe, deſtroyed my health and bloom.

Mrs. Adams indulged me in my retreat for ſome days; but when ſhe ſuppoſed that the violence of my diſtreſs had decreaſed, and reaſon was about to reſume its ſeat, ſhe abſolutely inſiſted on my taking

ing ſome air, and leaving thoſe ſad apartments oftener than I did. This was very diſagreeable to me---I hoped that my ſorrow, as it could affect none but myſelf, might have been ſuffered to take its courſe, and that my melancholy and wretchedneſs would not have been diſturbed---but Mrs. Adams pleaded to me the duties of religion---and to thoſe duties my heart aſſented.

I now began to think once more of applying for ſome fan-mounts, to procure me ſubſiſtence---I imparted my ſcheme to Mrs. Adams, and ſhe agreed to get me ſome---They in a little meaſure helped to reſtore me to myſelf---but, alas! my Lord, to what was I reſtored!---only to a more ſenſible and perfect knowledge of my unhappy ſituation. It is true, I exclaimed not---I wept not ſo frequently---but

but a ſurer and more fatal deſpondency had taken root in my boſom---and it was not, becauſe I was leſs violent, that I was more happy---on the contrary, I felt that the melancholy I then endured would very ſoon become a ſurer poiſon than that of a louder and more turbulent ſorrow could poſſibly be.

At the end of one week, when I was to return the work I had taken compleat, Mrs. Adams was not well, and, rather than be the occaſion of inconvenience to her, I determined to carry the mounts myſelf. I left the houſe very plainly attired, with the hood of my cloak drawn up about my face, and was, I thought, ſecurely hidden from the prying eyes of any I ſhould chance to meet; but the event will prove I was known, in ſpite of all my caution.

I had

I had not turned many ſtreets in my way home, when I lifted up my head ſuddenly on hearing my name pronounced in a low and tremulous tone; but what was my amazement, my Lord, to behold in the perſon that thus accoſted me no other than my old friend Mr. Warley. I bluſhed---I was concerned at the rencontre---however, I tried to make the beſt of it, and ſmiled through thoſe tears that forced their way into my eyes. He begged me to give him leave to attend me home---I deſired him not to think of it---but he over-ruled my objections by his kind and obſtinate intreaties, and I conſented to it at length, though with much regret. As ſoon as we arrived at my poor home, and I led the way into my little drawing-room, the amiable Mr. Warley fell at my feet, and burſt into a flood of tears. This affected me

more

more than I had been before; and, ſeating myſelf, I pointed to a chair near me, which I wiſhed him to occupy. Mr. Warley could not ſpeak, but ſilently obeyed me. The agitations of us both were too great, too exquiſite, for ſome time, to be deſcribed. After many minutes had elapſed, he exclaimed—

"Ah! my dear Miſs Warwick! is it thus we meet? Is it thus, at laſt, I ſee you!" 'Alas! Mr. Warley,' replied I, 'theſe emotions are too great for a poor creature, ſuch as Eliza Warwick, to occaſion in your boſom—I have been unfortunate, it is true—but miſery is the lot of mortals—let not, then, my griefs draw from you thoſe tears which may be ſhed in common for mankind—Bewail not that it is Eliza that endures, but that ſhe has not fortitude ſufficient to bear *her*

trials as ſhe ought.' "Ah!" cried he, ſnatching my hand with rapture, "adverſity has not, I find, changed thoſe ſentiments which ever came ſtill improved from thoſe lips—No deſpair!—no complaints!—Ah! my Eliza!" Mr. Warley ſighed, and looked with ſignificance upon me. To give a turn to the ſubject, I aſked him how long he had been in town? "Three weeks," anſwered he, "have I been in ſearch of you—As ſoon as I returned from Ireland, I learned from Lord Stamford your hiſtory ſince his friend's arrival in England.—I poſted to London, in order to ſeek you out, and offer you my friendſhip; but firſt I reſolved to ſee Sir Charles, and deſire an explanation of his treatment of you—In order to accompliſh that deſign, I called at his houſe, and ſent in my name; but I was told *he was very ill, and could ſee*

no

no one—I then repaired to a coffee-houſe, which I knew he frequented, and where, if the ſtory of his indiſpoſition was feigned, I ſhould ſtand ſome chance of ſeeing him—There I found Col. Middleton—he confirmed the account given me by Sir Charles Beaufort's ſervants, and acquainted me that *his love for and anxiety about you had reduced him to the deplorable ſtate he was then in*—Middleton next briefly informed me of the whole affair, ſince that diabolical deceit of his friend's, down to your refuſal of him after his wife's death, and your change of habitation, which has ſince ſecreted you from him—He added, that he wiſhed *he could inform me of your place of retreat—Were it in his power to do it, Sir Charles Beaufort ſhould not lie deſpairing and dying—your direction would ſoon be known to him, and the unhappy lover he enabled to pour*

the ſoft tale into your perhaps pitying ear. My blood aroſe" continued Mr. Warley, " at the unconcern and free air of Middleton, and, after telling him plainly, with all the warmth I felt on the occaſion, *that Sir Charles Beaufort had acted the part of a villain*, I left him to chew the cud of his reſentment. What to do after this, I knew not—his intelligence had almoſt thrown me into deſpondency, and I could form no method by which I could diſcover your abode—however, as Col. Middleton had in his relation told me of the ſtreet in which Mrs. Morris lived, who knows, thought I, but this woman is in the ſecret, but pretends ignorance in order to ſhield Eliza from their perſecution. Big with this hope, I repaired to the woman's houſe, and made many inquiries concerning you; to all which ſhe anſwered with tears in her eyes, and

an aſſurance *of your not having thought it worth your while to mention to her your purpoſe of removing—you could not venture to truſt her*, ſhe ſaid, *ſince ſhe had been weak enough to diſcloſe a circumſtance you had done her the honour of intruſting, in confidence, to her diſcretion.*

"I, however, continued to viſit Mrs. Morris, more from the pleaſure of hearing you praiſed, and deſcribed in your different avocations, than from any idea of gaining intelligence of you. She endeavoured to put me in a way of being ſucceſsful—ſhe gave me a direction to the milliner's from whom you took work, and told me that perhaps ſhe knew ſomething concerning you—*though*, added ſhe, *Jennet uſed to be very cautious not to let thoſe people have the leaſt hint relative to her Lady, in any reſpect, and I ſuppoſe continues to do ſo ſtill.*

"I was determined to try—and, having learned the name you had aſſumed to them on your application for buſineſs, I went immediately to the ſhop, and inquired particularly about you. They ſaid, they expected to hear from you on Saturday night, but they knew nothing of your place of reſidence—that they only engaged to buy from you the work you compleated, and therefore it was immaterial to them where you lived.

"My impatience for the arrival of Saturday is not to be told; and when I aroſe this morning, ſomething like an agreeable preſentiment ruſhed acroſs my heart. I reſolved to lurk about the ſtreet and ſhop all the evening, and to ſtick cloſe to any I ſuſpected till I heard their buſineſs. When you paſſed me, I was ſtruck; but, on a nearer view of you, I thought

I thought the figure, though dignified and elegant as it appeared, was too emaciated for yours; yet I determined to follow you ſecretly into the houſe—Ah! when I heard your voice, I no longer doubted—I was going to throw myſelf at your feet—I was about to diſcover myſelf to you before every one—but prudence reſtrained my impetuoſity, and the fear of wounding your feelings and delicacy overcame the violence of my tranſport. I did intend to conceal myſelf until your arrival at home, but I found it was impoſſible; my impatience broke through all reſtraint, and the event has made me happy."

Here Mr. Warley kiſſed my hand with an expreſſive joy in his countenance, which I had long been a ſtranger to behold.

I thanked him for the trouble he had taken on my account, but at the ſame time regretted it. He would not hear me on that ſubject, but inquired anxiouſly for his good and much-revered friend Jennet. At this mention of her name, my grief was all awakened, and my heart throbbed with ſorrow too big for utterance. Mr. Warley underſtood my emotions, and turned from me to conceal his tears.

From that hour, my Lord, Mr. Warley became a conſtant viſitor at my poor dwelling; and, will you believe it? in ſpite of all my misfortunes, it ſtill remained in my power to make him happy. He made me an offer of his hand, aſſuring me, at the ſame time, his heart had ever been my property; but I refuſed his generous offer, by telling him, that,

if

if I would not marry him when my innocence was the brighteſt charm I owned, I would never pay him ſo poor a compliment as to do it when I was a bankrupt, not only of that, but of every other. I was ſorry to perceive that the ſteadineſs of my reſolution made him unhappy: he loved me with a degree of ſentiment and ardour which ſouls like his alone can feel.

Mr. Warley came to me one day, and told me he had a piece of intelligence to communicate to me that he flattered himſelf would give me pleaſure. As he was ever ſtudying ſome act of kindneſs towards me, I hardly wondered at the look of delight which was ſuffuſed over his whole countenance.

"I wrote immediately, upon my finding

ing your lodging," ſaid Mr. Warley, "to Lord Norfolk—I painted to him, in the livelieſt colours, *your virtue, and diſtreſs*—I ſpoke *of the Duke of Beauvariſe's bounty, and of the fortune he bequeathed you—of the unfortunate fire which in an ill-fated hour deſtroyed all hope of a proviſion from your guardian—and that you were too great, too noble, to deſcend to accept of a maintenance from the man who had ſo highly injured you.* I aſked him, *if he did not think the honour of his wife's family concerned in reſcuing an amiable niece from poverty and ruin?—that it was very uncertain how long you might lie concealed from Sir Charles Beaufort, whom, though he had offered you the moſt honourable recompence, your ſoul diſdained, and your virtue abhorred—that his malice, and the advice of his friends, might ſtimulate a man of ſuch abandoned principles*

principles to take ſome violent meaſures to regain you in his power—and that it was a cruel ſituation for any young creature to be expoſed to—but ſurely more horrible, when it is conſidered that this amiable unhappy female is the niece of Lord Tenterdon and Lady Norfolk; and that, though ſhe has great relations, ſhe cannot amongſt them find one charitable friend who would reach out an arm to ſcreen her from inſult. I then mentioned to him, cruel Eliza!" continued Mr. Warley, "*my love and admiration of you, and your fixed reſolve to puniſh me for daring to aſpire to ſo much beauty, and ſo much virtue*—I alſo added, *that, would you have accepted of my hand and fortune, or my fortune without any expectation on my ſide of a return, Lord Norfolk would not have received ſuch an application.* I waited," ſaid Mr. Warley, "with an extreme impatience for his anſwer,

anſwer, which I received laſt night. He tells me, *he ever loved and reſpected you, and that upon the death of the Duke of Beauvariſe he would have offered you an aſylum in his houſe but for ſome family reaſons, which at length he has intirely overcome—and that Lady Norfolk will ſend her own maid in their poſt-coach for you whatever day you will pleaſe to appoint—their houſe and every thing in it* (he promiſes) *ſhall be rendered as comfortable and agreeable to you as you could wiſh.*" What ſtrange news was this, my Lord!—I remained motionleſs—I did not think I heard truly—The idea of being owned by my family, the thought of finding a parent in Lady Norfolk, and the hope of her and Lord Norfolk's protection, ſo overcame me with a ſenſation of joy, that I was unable to pour forth my gratitude to the worthy and friendly

friendly Mr. Warley. He was affected at the ſight of my agitation—he kiſſed my hands—he bid me look on him as a brother—and that, if I did not like my reception and treatment at Norfolk-Manſion, he would endeavour to place me ſomewhere more to my ſatisfaction.

When I had the power of utterance, I ſaid all that a heart overflowing with thankfulneſs, and admiration of his worth, could dictate; and, as ſoon as he was gone, I wrote a reſpectful and tender letter to Lady Norfolk, acknowledging her and her Lord's goodneſs to an unhappy orphan, and telling her that in three days I would be ready to throw myſelf at their feet.

I parted with Mrs. Adams and the amiable Mr. Warley with a fullneſs and grief

of

of heart which no words can deſcribe, and took my ſeat in the carriage by a ſtern and bold-looking woman whom Lady Norfolk had ſent to accompany me down to Huntingdonſhire.

When we were got off the ſtones of London, I looked back, as if to bid adieu to my ever-dear Jennet, whom I had left behind—the road, too, which I travelled, reminded me of her and my guardian momently.

My companion was on the whole very ſilent; but ſhe ſeemed to read my ſoul—her eyes were never out of my face, and once ſhe muttered, as we got out to take ſome refreſhment on the road, "Faith, you are twenty times prettier than my Lady, even when ſhe was in the bloom of youth; and a hundred times more ſo than

than ſhe thinks." I regarded this not, however, and pretended not to have heard it.

As we drew near to Norfolk-Caſtle, who can relate my agonies!—"Ah! my God!" exclaimed I, forgetting the attendant—"ah! my God! it was *here*, it was the very place, my dear, dear mother firſt ſaw the object of her love—it was here that my guardian, that Jennet, firſt pointed out to me that *that* was Norfolk-Caſtle—it was in that park I fainted—'twas there Lady Norfolk beheld me with horror and diſdain." I claſped my hands together—I wrung them in the deepeſt ſorrow—I breathed a wiſh, that I was diſencumbered of this mortal clay, and in the ſociety of thoſe bleſſed ſpirits, who, I doubted not, were looking on me with compaſſion—I named them ſeverally

—my

—my father—my mother—my guardia
—my dear Jennet—and to each loved a
pellation I dropped the tribute of a tea
The woman who was with me awakene
me to reaſon by aſking, in a cool, ſa
caſtic manner, "*Whether travelling w*
apt to give me a fever?" I told her, if ſh
ſuppoſed me delirious, ſhe was miſtake
—but that, indeed, I had lately exper
enced ſorrow ſufficient to turn the bra
even of a ſtoic—' however, Madam
continued I, ' I make no complaint—
hope I am going to be happier under th
wing of Lady Norfolk than I have be
ever ſince the death of my guardian.'

The inſolent, unfeeling creature ſmile
but did not think it worth her while
reply to this ſpeech.

When I arrived at the caſtle, Lo
Norfo

Norfolk hurried to the coach-door, and preſented me with his hand—"Welcome!" cried he, "welcome! my dear niece!—your aunt waits with impatience to ſee you." I would have thrown myſelf on my knees before him, but he prevented me; and, claſping his arms around me, he ſeemed already to feel a tenderneſs for one who only could have expected from him compaſſion. He led me through many magnificent rooms before we reached that in which Lady Norfolk lay reclined on a ſopha. Her dreſs had ſomething ſo negligent and ſo elegant in it, that, had I known her then, as I do now, I ſhould not have had a doubt of her expecting other viſitors beſides her *poor niece* that evening. As I entered with a low and reſpectful curteſy, ſhe juſt nodded her head; and when I approached her *throne*, and threw myſelf at her

feet, begging of her to accept my thanks for her humane and generous patronage, ſhe vouchſafed to ſay, "You may riſe, and ſit down." I obeyed her. In truth I wanted ſupport, and my limbs almoſt denied their office. "Take off her hat and cloak," ſaid ſhe to one of her female attendants. I ſaved the woman the trouble. "Stand up," cried the unfeeling Lady Norfolk, "and let me ſee this *celebrated figure.*" I did as I was deſired. She laughed ſuperciliouſly—"You think yourſelf very handſome, Miſs Eliza—don't you?" 'Ah! Madam,' replied I, kneeling, and catching hold of one of her hands, which I bathed with my tears, 'I have no beauty—I wiſh for none—Look into my heart—could you but read the ſentiments of *that*, you would find my gratitude more worthy your obſervation.' "Prettily ſaid, I vow," exclaimed

ſhe—

ſhe—" ſome one has told you, I ſuppoſe, that theſe heroics become you." I was hurt—I was ſhocked beyond deſcription. Lord Norfolk haſtened and raiſed me from the humiliating poſture I had thrown myſelf into—" Charming Eliza!" cried he, " you are fatigued—Would you not prefer retiring to bed inſtead of ſtaying ſupper?—Something warm, ſome ſack-whey, will refreſh you—and your feverish look makes me apprehend that it will be prejudicial as well as diſagreeable to you to ſit up longer." I bowed aſſent—my tears choaked my voice. " No," ſaid her Ladyſhip, " ſhe muſt ſtay ſupper—why ſurely ſhe is not *now* ſo delicate!" I felt the ſharpneſs of that expreſſion—and, my Lord, I wiſhed myſelf even poorer than ever, and painting fan-mounts. Lord Norfolk endeavoured to turn it off, by remarking, *that my aunt*

was always ſelfiſh. Poor man! his heart was good—but a little exertion of ſpirit would have been much better for himſelf, his Lady, and me.

At ſupper a very large party of both ſexes were aſſembled. I was in a *deſhabille*, which Lord Norfolk excuſed, by telling them *I was a traveller.* He preſented me to every individual, by the title of Miſs Warwick, *his niece*; and many compliments were paid me which I am ſure I by no means merited. I begged leave to ſit at table by Lord Norfolk—he immediately took me by the hand, and placed me next him. We were not long at ſupper, when a beautiful young man entered, and, after making ſome confuſed apologies for his late appearance, ſeated himſelf at the lower end of the table. We happened to be

juſt

juſt oppoſite to each other. My Lord whiſpered me, that *that* was a couſin of mine, and his only ſon. Lord Weſtbrook ſeemed ſtruck with my appearance—he could not remove his eyes from my face. Lady Norfolk, obſerving it, aſked him Whether he intended to ſup, or to *ſtar-gaze* all night? The youth bluſhed—but replied, with a grace, *That if ſuch a phenomenon was often exhibited, he could "forget to eat, and live by gazing."* This occaſioned much wit from the company, but brought down upon me ſome bitterneſs from his mother.

When the cloth was removed, a gentleman whom Lady Norfolk ſeemed to admire much, and who was placed next her, obſerved, in a loud whiſper, that I ſtrongly reſembled her Ladyſhip. My aunt appeared pleaſed with the ſpeech,

(for age would ever be thought to look like youth,) and laughingly replied, *ſhe hoped her eyes had ſomewhat more fire in them.* Her admirer, however, choſe to mortify her, by ſaying, "Faith! Madam, if yours have ſo much, your Ladyſhip muſt be more deſtructive than I have ever found you." 'Inſolence!' retorted Lady Norfolk, and caſt on me a look of indignation and anger—At that moment, indeed, no one could have denied but that her eyes had more fire in them than ſweetneſs. The ladies aroſe—Lady Norfolk ſpoke to an attendant, and deſired me to follow her—I obeyed, and I was conducted to the apartment allotted for me.

Here, my Lord, I diſmiſſed the ſervant; and, proſtrating myſelf, I poured forth my ſorrows into the boſom of my God—

God—I beſought him to ſtrengthen my mind and heart to endure the trials he was pleaſed to ſend me—I prayed for reſignation to his will, and for comfort in my affliction. My ſoul was ſomewhat relieved by this fervent ſupplication. I got up, and threw myſelf on my bed. What a night did I paſs! Often would I ſay, "In this houſe how happy has my mother been! and, ah! how miſerable alſo!" Then their dear forms (my father's and my mother's) would ruſh on my idea; and the picture of my mother, which hung about my neck, was kiſſed, and bathed with my tears.

The next morning I aroſe very early, and, dreſſing myſelf in a neat elegant *deſhabille*, though with a heavy heart, I ſtole ſoftly into the garden, in order to try whether the air would not remove

from me a head-ach, which anxiety, and a wretched night, had inflicted on me. I had not walked long, when I beheld Lord Weſtbrook turn out of an alley; and, before I could avoid him, he met me ſo ſuddenly, and ſo nearly, that it was impoſſible for me to retreat. He was ſurprized at the *rencontre*—he ſeemed to be awakened from deep meditation. I apologized for the interruption, and was proceeding, when he caught hold of my hand—

"Stay, Madam," cried the amiable young nobleman—"I have been meditating, 'tis true—but will you pardon me, if I ſay you have been the ſubject of thoſe meditations?" I expreſſed my amazement, and aſked *how one of whom he knew ſo little could for a moment employ his thoughts?* "I have ſeen you but lately,

lately, I own," replied he, "but my father has frequently deſcribed your charming perſon to me; and he the other day informed me of the whole of your ſtory—Ah! my amiable couſin, I fear you will not be much happier here than you have been—Lady Norfolk execrates the memory of my unfortunate aunt—and her daughter's admirable deportment can make, I fear, but little impreſſion on a heart ſo prejudiced againſt her parents. I have not ſlept all night—I threw myſelf on my bed, indeed; but it afforded me no reſt—the reflections of what your ſenſibility muſt have ſuffered, on your entrance into this houſe, and the fear of what you have ſtill to endure from Lady Norfolk's pride and implacability, have made me too unhappy to have allowed me to taſte peace ſince I have beheld you." 'Good God!' cried I, with emotion,

emotion, 'what will become of the wretched Eliza!' A flood of tears prevented my saying more. Lord Weſtbrook ſeemed not leſs affected; but he intreated me to make myſelf as eaſy as poſſible—"and if," ſaid he, "things are as bad as I apprehend they will be, Lord Norfolk and I ſhall think of ſome happier aſylum for ſo much gentleneſs and virtue." As he ſpoke thoſe words, he preſſed my hand to his lips, and viewed me with a degree of tenderneſs and compaſſion which gave me comfort. I thanked him for his goodneſs; and he adviſed me to retire to the houſe, leſt we ſhould be ſeen together. I followed his direction, and went to my own apartment. Some hours after, the woman who had been ſent for me to town came in, and deſired me to accompany her to her Lady's dreſſing-room. As ſoon as we entered it, Lady Norfolk aroſe from her

her toilet, and, viewing me ſtedfaſtly from head to foot, ſhe called out, "You think, no doubt, Miſs Eliza, that *that* pretty face of yours, and that fine perſon, will entrap *my ſon*, or ſome gentleman more to your *goût* than Mr. Warley; but I have ſent for you, to give you a caution of endeavouring to expoſe *thoſe charms* to ſuch a purpoſe. I know not what company we ſhall have to-day; but if it is made up of the young and thoughtleſs of the other ſex, for their ſakes, as well as your own, you ſhall not appear—no more Sir Charles Beauforts, if you pleaſe, Madam." 'Ah! my Lady,' returned I, 'you know but little of me, if you imagine ſociety has any charms for me—No!' cried I, with an emotion of agony —'when I was made ſenſible that I had loſt my honour, my only deſire was to retire from the eyes of a buſy world—

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Under your protection, Madam, I ſhall be ſafe—I wiſh to ſee only thoſe whom you approve of——As for the hope of conqueſt, Heaven can witneſs for me, I deſire it not—nor is there a man in the world whom I would marry——Fear no imprudencies from me—and do not reproach me with the greateſt misfortune of my life.' A violent burſt of grief put an end to my words. "No more, girl," ſaid ſhe, "no more—I hope you will be prudent—but what are you crying for?—I did not offend you, I ſuppoſe, by giving you a little friendly caution." I could not ſpeak—but taking hold of her hand, I kiſſed it reſpectfully. "Well, well," ſaid ſhe, "I believe you will be a good girl. You are fond of drawing, and you paint well, I hear—here, try your ſkill upon this," giving me a miniature of herſelf—"take a copy of that

picture,

picture, and, if you execute it well, I will reward you for it." I told her, if I could on any occaſion oblige her, that *thought* would be a ſufficient *reward*. I took from her the miniature, and ſhe gave me the key of a ſmall library which had belonged to a daughter of hers ſhe had lately loſt, ſaying, *I ſhould find conveniences there for amuſing myſelf either in reading, writing, drawing, or painting*. I expreſſed many acknowledgments for her kindneſs, and I was going to ſeek this charming room, when her Ladyſhip deſired the ſame woman to conduct me to it. I tripped after her with a lighter heart than I had followed her with before. As we paſſed through a gallery leading to the library, we were met by Sir George Williams, who had remarked the night before my likeneſs to Lady Norfolk. He ſmiled confidently in my face, and endea-

voured

voured to catch my hand; but I ſoon repulſed his forwardneſs by a certain look of *hauteur*, which if women were uſed on ſimilar occaſions to aſſume, they would ſoon awe ſuch wretches into baſhfulneſs. He made way for me directly, with an obſequious bow, and an air of confuſion. My bold attendant remarked this ſcene; and, with a ſneering, ſupercilious tone, aſked me *if I thought Sir George Williams was as fine a gentleman as the Mr. Warley ſhe had ſeen take leave of me in London?* I anſwered her only by an aſpect of contempt, and deſired her to lead on to the room I wanted to ſee.

The library was ſituated delightfully—it commanded a view of the park and gardens—and the books in it were delicately choſen—none but by the beſt authors. I had not long been ſeated there, when

hen I received an order from Lady Norlk to breakfaſt up ſtairs; and accordgly chocolate and tea were brought to e library. Lord Norfolk came to the or ſoon after, and begged admittance. haſtily flew to it; and, falling on my ees, I attempted to pour forth my graude for his goodneſs to an helpleſs orian: but he would not ſuffer me to vell on the ſubject; and raiſing me from y knees, he led me to a chair, and drew e himſelf near mine. He inquired out my health—ſpoke of my fatigue—d, at length, brought on the ſubject Sir Charles Beaufort's behaviour to . I expatiated more on his repentance an his guilt, and I perceived that Lord orfolk wiſhed a reconciliation to take ace between us; but I expreſſed ſo uch horror at the thought, as ſilenced n for ever on that topic. He hinted

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to me, that *Lady Norfolk had many peculiarities*---that *he feared I ſhould find it difficult to accede to moſt of them*---*there was nothing on earth*, he ſaid, *would give him greater pleaſure than to make my life eaſy, if he could not make it happy*---and, at the ſame time, he preſented me with notes for two hundred pounds, which he prayed my acceptance of, and deſired *me to make him my banker*---*that he would receive with joy my draughts, and pay them with punctuality.* My heart overflowed with tenderneſs, and acknowledgment, for his humane, his generous behaviour; and I thanked him more with tears than words. After wiping with his own handkerchief my eyes, he aſked *whether I would not give them the pleaſure of my company in the breakfaſting-parlour?* I excuſed myſelf from going down, and he left me more reconciled to

my

my ſituation than I had reaſon to apprehend I ſhould have been.

Sir George Williams, however, gave me no reſt; he was conſtantly under my window, or keeping ſentry at my door, in hopes of ſpeaking to me: but, as I judged of his intent, I ſhunned him; and when by accident I met him, I always received his fine ſpeeches with the moſt diſcouraging reſerve I could aſſume. If he dined at the caſtle, I was not ſuffered to leave my room; if only a family party aſſembled, Lady Norfolk would vouchſafe to let me eat at the ſame table with her. At ſuch times Lord Weſtbrook's eyes ſpoke "unutterable things," and I was ſorry to perceive that he loved me with ardour.

One day, when Lady Norfolk was with

me in the library, the ſaſh of a window was open, and we perceived a paper thrown into it from the garden. Lady Norfolk ran, and took it up---" What is this?" cried ſhe, " what is this?" her eyes darting fire at the ſame moment. I anſwered, with conſcious innocence, ' I know not, my Lady; but I ſuppoſe it might have fallen in there, not from deſign, but accident.' " Aye, aye!" returned ſhe; " well, Miſs, we will ſee"--- and ſhe broke open the letter, for ſuch it proved. Ah! my Lord, I can never deſcribe her rage, when ſhe perceived the writing and name of Sir George Williams. It contained a declaration of love for me, a lamentation of my being ſo confined, which he imputed to envy and jealouſy merely, as it was well known (he ſaid) that my charms were irreſiſtible, and that no woman's could be compared

to

to them, but ſhe muſt ſeem a foil (however lovely out of my ſight) when I appeared. He avowed his being ſtruck with me from the firſt moment he beheld me in my travelling-dreſs; and concluded by wiſhing, ſince Lady Norfolk would not allow him a ſight of me after that firſt interview, ſhe had ſpared him from ſeeing me at all.

"Fool that I was, indeed!" exclaimed her Ladyſhip, forgetting that I heard her---"Ah! I little imagined the witch was ſo handſome!" Recollecting who was preſent, ſhe cried, "But I will be revenged---Yes, you are Lady Eliza Darcey's own daughter, I am well convinced ---you artful, intriguing, vile creature!" What expreſſions!---I was terrified to death at her look and manner---I endeavoured to exculpate myſelf---I offered to

confront Sir George Williams, and to appeal to his honour whether he had ever received encouragement from me---but nothing could pacify her---and ſhe at length quitted the room in the moſt extravagant rage.---I am ſorry, my Lord, to be obliged to expoſe the faults and follies of a woman whom Nature intended I ſhould reſpect---nor would her cruel behaviour to my mother, or me, have made me expoſe them, had it not been impoſſible, in the courſe of this hiſtory, to ſcreen them from your eyes. When Lady Norfolk left me, my griefs burſt forth afreſh---in truth, I was almoſt worn out by them---my heart, ſo long accuſtomed to ſorrows and alarms, was now, inſtead of becoming callous, rendered weaker every day---my nerves were all unſtrung---and I had neither health nor ſpirits to ſupport me under the various conflicts I endured.

When I collected reaſon enough to reflect on what was beſt to be done, I haſtened down to Lord Norfolk's ſtudy. He admitted me; and, ſeeing me violently agitated, he kindly ſoothed and encouraged me to tell him all that had paſſed to afflict me in the way I was in. He was ſhocked at his wife's behaviour, which I cloaked up as well as I could; and bidding me compoſe myſelf, and not ſuffer ſuch a trifle to affect me, he left me, to ſeek Sir George Williams. What paſſed between them I know not, but Lady Norfolk ſoon after appeared ſatisfied of my being innocent, and I never heard more from the troubleſome Baronet.

I led, however, a miſerable life---My conſtant fears of this vain, paſſionate woman---my dread of her ſon's increaſing

paſſion---the inſolence of her female attendants---and, laſtly, the ſtate of wretched dependence I ſeemed to live in---increaſed my deteſtation of my exiſtence, and threw me almoſt into deſpair.

In about two months after my reſidence at Norfolk-caſtle, (during which time I heard punctually from Mr. Warley,) a packet was brought up in haſte, and I was told that a man on horſeback had been ſent poſt with it. I was ſurpriſed---but, retiring with it to the library, I determined immediately to ſatisfy my curioſity. I attempted to break the ſeal once or twice---but a fatal foreboding ſtill kept me irreſolute---yet I thought nothing *could* happen to me which I ſhould dread to hear---and, in ſpite of my feelings, I opened the letter. Judge, my Lord, of my horror and grief when I peruſed the following lines:

"*To Miſs* WARWICK.

"AH! lovely Eliza! will you forgive me, when you learn that Sir Charles Beaufort is no more---and that he dies by the hand of Warley? He now lies expiring before me---and a few minutes will convey him to that awful tribunal from whence there is no appeal——— Warley---wretched, deſpairing Warley!---not only ſends him thither, with all his ſins upon his head---but, by this one ſtroke, he forfeits for ever the eſteem of the woman his fond ſoul doats on——Oh! Miſs Warwick, think me not a murderer!———————

"Your heart has never been alienated from Beaufort---your eyes have told me ſo at the moment you pronounced his

doom to be irrevocable---yet you loved him---and, ah! what a wretch, what an abhorred wretch, muſt I now appear to your affrighted imagination!

* * * * *

"I ſat down in hopes of exculpating myſelf in ſome meaſure---but, alas! I am all diſtraction---his groans---his dying groans---ah! they tear my ſoul---and every pang I give him I think you feel through ſympathy. There lies, I cry, the man whom Eliza Warwick preferred to every other---and, for *that* reaſon, that I have deprived of life---Ah! miſerable, unhappy Warley!

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"The unfortunate victim of my reſentment has called for pen, ink, and paper---he means in theſe laſt moments to addreſs his much-injured Eliza. He will implore your pardon---you will ſhed tears of ſorrow to think of your cruelty---but you will execrate for ever the man who revenged a cauſe which you truſted alone to Heaven——It was not a time to have exacted from him ſatisfaction for his crimes---ah! he was a penitent---a ſincere, ſuffering penitent——but I will endeavour to recollect myſelf, and give you a faithful detail of this unhappy quarrel.

"Laſt night, my ill fate led me to a certain faſhionable club, rather more inebriated than I ſhould be willing to acknowledge on any other occaſion. The firſt perſon I ſaw, on entering it, was

Col.

Col. Middleton, who, taking me by the arm, led me to a room wherein Lord Stamford, Mr. Lawſon, Sir James Millmant, and Capt. Hartdal, were over ſome claret. I was in ſpirits; and every man there, except Middleton, had taken a ſufficiency of wine to ſuffer him to ſay any thing that occurred without reflection, either before or after it was expreſſed. I joined the Bacchanalian ſociety, and drank to the healths of ſome of the fineſt women in Europe. When my toaſt was called for—"Here," cried I, with a degree of extacy I always feel when about to ſpeak of you—"here, then, I will give you the greateſt beauty, and moſt accompliſhed creature, that England, or any other kingdom, can boaſt of producing"—I was attended to with eagerneſs—"Here," continued I, "is Miſs Warwick." Sir James Millmant ſtarted at

at the ſound, and, claſping his hands with fervour, exclaimed, "Oh Eliza! never, never, ſhall I forget thy ſweet innocence and lovelineſs!"—He dropped on one knee, and drank you in a bumper. Lord Stamford followed his example, as did every one preſent; and, when your name was pronounced, every heart ſeemed as much proſtrated to pay it homage as were our perſons. Soon after, Col. Middleton aſked me, if I had been ſucceſsful in my ſearch to find you? I put on an air of *nonchalance*, and demanded, *whether 'twas to me he ſpoke?* He patiently repeated his queſtion. I then told him, *it did not concern him, or any one elſe, whether I had or not*—but by my manner I gave him every reaſon to ſuppoſe I had, and had met with a reception as highly flattering as indeed it was. "Oh ho!" cried Middleton, "you are lucky, and

and ſhe has been leſs cruel to you than to others, no doubt!—Pray, Warley, upon what footing do you ſtand?" My choler aroſe—I perceived he hinted at a connection which my love for you never could urge, and even for thinking of which your angelic purity would for ever have abhorred me.

"I deſired him to part with that ſarcaſtic grin with which he then ſpoke of you, put on perhaps for humour, but which, indeed, rendered him as odious as it exalted you—"As for the footing on which I ſtand with her," ſaid I, "I will own, it is that of a lover—ſhe knows I adore her—and I have made her an offer both of my hand and fortune—an offer that were ſhe to accept would make me the moſt bleſſed, the moſt envied of my ſex." 'And will ſhe accept it?" cried

cried the cool Middleton. "No matter," returned I; "time will diſcover all."

'By Heaven! I will not wait for its diſcovery,' exclaimed a man, who at that inſtant ruſhed into the room. I turned about, and found it was Sir Charles Beaufort, who had, on being informed that I was coming in with Col. Middleton, retired to an adjoining chamber, hoping that the ingenuity of his friends would have torn from me the ſecret of your reſidence. I had been expected there, it ſeems; as that club was my uſual haunt about eleven at night: and this ſcheme was propoſed by all preſent. Sir James Millmant entered into it with a deſign of ſerving you alone, as he declared to the whole party, and to me a thouſand times ſince; that he judged it would be happier for you, were you to forgive Beaufort,

fort, after this trial of his conſtancy, and receive him once more to your favour.

"At the ſight of Sir Charles Beaufort, my heart almoſt leaped out of my boſom with deſire to tear his panting from its ſeat—and I ſhould have thought myſelf at that moment in a ſtate of felicity, could I have beheld him gaſping at my feet. "Who are you?" cried I, with a tone of contempt and paſſion, (which my brave adverſary would not brook)—"Who are you, that thus dare to intrude into the preſence of men *of honour?*" 'I am,' replied he, 'one that will chaſtiſe your inſolence, and teach you more reſpect.' "Teach it to me now," anſwered I, hitting him a blow on the face. Sir Charles returned it with violence—and the gentlemen interpoſed. We had now gone too far to recede—the indignity

indignity I had received, though juſtly, ſtuck in my throat—and, deſiring Sir Charles to meet me the next morning in Hyde-Park, I was about to leave the company. 'Hold, Sir,' cried Beaufort, 'our honour, our courage, demand that one of us ſhould die—I have had a blow, which, by Heaven, I would not take calmly from the firſt monarch in the world—however, Sir, we will meet to-morrow, as you appoint—but let us live like friends this night—Stay with us—we will call for more wine—and let me talk with you on a ſubject near my heart—let me talk of my adorable Eliza!' "No," returned I, "you ſhall not contaminate ſo pure a ſubject with your breath—Be it ſufficient that I tell you ſhe is not in London—ſhe is out of your reach for ever." 'Damned, damned Warley!' exclaimed the afflicted Beaufort,

fort, with a paſſion of grief not to be expreſſed. I offered to go, when he laid hold of my arm—'By the hereafter one of us will ſoon enter into, I conjure thee to tell me whether ſhe has given thee encouragement?' I broke from him, and left the houſe.

"This morning I ſent for a lawyer: my will was drawn up; and I bequeathed you every thing I had, which was worth your acceptance, in caſe fortune favoured my rival. Millmant came much agitated to me immediately after, and offered to be my ſecond. I agreed to it; and we went forth to meet our adverſaries.

"We found Sir Charles and Col. Middleton there before us—and, after the uſual ſalutations, we prepared for the rencontre. Beaufort, however, on our unſheathing

unſheathing our ſwords, advanced, and took me by the hand——

'Now, Warley,' ſaid he, 'one of us muſt fall—I will not be content unleſs it is the caſe—but, ere it be too late, do me the favour to ſay, whether Eliza has liſtened to the addreſſes of any man ſince her refuſal of me?—I ſhall die in peace, if I can be convinced ſhe has not—And though you have groſſly injured me, yet, as I am going to take ſatisfaction by arms, I would not refuſe you ſuch a conſolation in your dying moments.' "Suppoſe I was to tell you ſhe had?" cried I, with unheard-of barbarity. 'Then,' replied he, in an agony, 'I have injured her ſufficiently—and my ſword ſhould be turned from yours to my own heart—— Go, go, Warley, and be happy—ſhe will make you ſupremely ſo—Fear not but I

will revenge upon myſelf the blow I took from you, and the one I dealt you—— Adieu!' He was actually going—but I caught hold of him—"No, Beaufort, upon my ſacred honour, ſhe has refuſed thoſe offers I talked of laſt night—and ſhe never will marry, ſhe affirms, as long as ſhe has life." 'While *I have life*, you mean,' returned he—'I thank you, Mr. Warley—and now for vengeance.' We fought—Sir Charles ſought rather his own deſtruction than mine—and, on my telling him he treated me like a boy, he threw himſelf, when I was not aware of it, with violence on the point of my ſword, and fell a voluntary victim to love and jealouſy.

"We had him conveyed directly to his own houſe; from whence I have not ſtirred; nor will I, until he has breathed

his

his laſt. He will ſee no one but me and Col. Middleton; and the affair is yet a ſecret. He continually preſſes my hand, and ſays,

'I thank thee, dear Warley!—I was tired of life—She whom I love will reward you for having rid her of a monſter—I truſt *this* will expiate for all my offences towards her.' Ah! my Eliza! pardon, pardon the wretched—the guilty Warley!

* * * * *

"Beaufort has given me a letter to incloſe to you—he has fallen into a ſoft ſleep—I will go and watch by his bedſide.

* * * * *

" His ſtarts are frequent—he is quite delirious. He awoke juſt now, and, opening his curtains with a violence which made his wounds bleed afreſh, he exclaimed, ' 'Tis ſhe !—tread lighter—my wife will not hear you——Eliza ! Eliza ! ſurely you will not leave me already !—— Look—look there !—ſhe glides out of that door—She is gone.' He claſped his hands together with fervour. " Who is gone, dear Beaufort ?" aſked I. He replied, ' Yes, yes, *ſhe is gone, and never to return*—dear, bleſſed, angelic ſweetneſs !' He ſunk, and fainted. Oh ! my ill-fated hand !

* * * * *

" Now, my dear Miſs Warwick ! now are my heart-ſtrings burſting——Oh ! be calm—be compoſed—ſpeak comfort

to

to my ſoul——Alas! you muſt ſtand in need of it yourſelf. I am about to ſet off for Dover, from whence I expect to arrive in France in a few hours. I intended not to mention the unfortunate Beaufort—but I can think—I can write of nothing elſe—He died in my arms, an hour ago, imploring the pardon of his God, and his Eliza—He is gone—ah! Miſs Warwick, he is gone for ever—and the miſerable author of his death is doomed to wander, like a ſecond Cain, accuſed and deſerted by thoſe whom moſt he loves. Pity, for Heaven's ſake, pity my diſtraction!

"I incloſe poor Beaufort's letter——Read, and lament—but abhor not

"The unhappy

"WARLEY."

Oh! beſt—oh! loveliest, pureſt of women! adieu!——Had I time, I would write on—I would, in ſpite of all, repeat again my adoration of you——Perhaps you may weep——O God! would Eliza weep for me?—for Beaufort—who has injured her!——Ah! if you have one tender ſentiment yet remaining, by all our paſt love, I conjure thee, baniſh it not from thy boſom——Oh! could I live to tell thee——but it is too late——My pains are intolerable—my head ſwims—the light itſelf is exiled from my eyes.

* * * * *

"I have recovered from the faintneſs which had ſeized me—I return to the only object in the world my ſoul regrets to leave—Eliza! I ſaw thee in a dream—Ah! it was but a dream—for you were kind—

kind—you liſtened to my love—your eyes danced with pleaſure—and your whole form wore the aſpect of gaiety and delight. I awoke tranſported—I opened my arms to receive thee—Ah! it was but a phantom to delude my imagination. I ſlept ſoon after, and I again beheld thee; but, alas! how changed!—you were melancholy itſelf—yet a patient reſignation adorned your lovely brow. You approached, and took me by the hand—'Beaufort,' you cried, in that ſweet accent which ſtill vibrates on my dying ear, 'how long is it ſince that fatal day we parted in Derbyſhire!—I have not known one moment's peace ſince then—nor ſhall I, until we meet in Heaven. You are going, Beaufort—you will ſoon die—I will pray for thee'—and you wept. I kiſſed off the tears that abundantly flowed down thy cheeks, and I embraced with ardour

ardour thy beauteous perſon—"Now," cried I, awaking, "now am I at length happy"—but, turning to ſpeak to thee, I beheld that I had claſped my pillow, and that my angelic Eliza had left me for ever.

"Moſt loved, moſt honoured, moſt adored Eliza! *now* muſt thy Beaufort bid thee an eternal adieu!—My wounds bleed—they give me anguiſh—but, oh! what pains can equal the thought of beholding thee no more!——My ſenſes fail me—my heart expires——and now, dear, dear Eliza! ſave me!"——

When I had peruſed Mr. Warley's letter—what can I ſay, my Lord?—ah! how can I give you an idea of my horror! My thoughts were dark, were wild, confuſed—

fuſed---"He is dead," I cried---"Warley, thou art no murderer---It is I---it is I alone, who have deſtroyed him." I held Sir Charles's letter in my hand---I feared to open it---I kiſſed the cover---I put it into my boſom---Not a tear came to my relief---not a ſigh broke forth---yet, my Lord, I was miſerable---His lovely form occurred to me---his love---his ſeducing ſmile---his tenderneſs---all, all ruſhed at once into my mind.

"Cruel Fortune!" exclaimed I, "malignant ſtars! what have you not brought upon me! what new affliction have you yet in ſtore!---No," continued I, "it is impoſſible---it is all ſpent now---your quivers are emptied---nor is there one event on earth that can even diſcompoſe me---my devoted head has been uncovered to the pitileſs ſtorm of your reſentment---

not

not another blaſt that you can ſend can effect it---my heart is broken---my ſpirits fail me——Come forth," cried I, taking his letter from my boſom---" come forth ---perhaps there's comfort in this." I read it---Nature ſickened at this laſt ſhock ---it could not ſtand this laſt proof of his love---even my proud delicacy, which had borne up ſo long againſt his tenderneſs, now failed me---and I ſunk lifeleſs in my chair. When I recovered, I found myſelf ſupported by Lord Weſtbrook. His tears fell at my diſtreſs, and his grief ſeemed not inferior to mine. He inquired the cauſe of my ſorrow? I held up the fatal letter. He took it from me, and turned aſide to conceal his emotions. At that inſtant Lady Norfolk entered the room---Her rage was viſible at beholding me alone with her ſon---She reproached me with arts I poſſeſſed not---ſhe upbraided

braided me with inclinations I did not feel---She concluded with inſiſting to ſee the letters I had received, and the anſwers I was about to return by the ſervant who waited for them.

"Alas! Madam," cried I, "you need not heap freſh oppreſſions on a poor wretch hardly able to endure thoſe ſhe already groans under---I feel no tenderneſs for any man *now* living (and I wept) ---but for Lord Weſtbrook I will profeſs a friendſhip---As for the packet I have received, here it is---I mean not, Madam, to conceal from your Ladyſhip the event which is there related---an event which, though it highly affects me, can by no means intereſt *my aunt*."

Lady Norfolk took the letters, and with Lord Weſtbrook retired from the library.

library. When they were gone, I reflected on the various torrents of misfortune which I had ſtemmed---I lifted up my heart in thankſgiving to that Almighty Power who had ordained me a life of ſuffering---I lamented that I had not fortitude, that I had not reſignation, to combat with the ſorrows of this world---yet ſtill I thanked him for having ſent me thoſe trials and afflictions, which were intended to prepare me for a better---"Ah!" ſaid I, "my God, make the burthen of my griefs ſit lightly *now* as poſſible, if it pleaſe thee to do ſo---my heart faints under its oppreſſive weight---and Nature droops at the idea of new misfortunes---Spare me, oh! moſt merciful Judge; *for, behold, I am thy ſervant*, and ſupplicate thy clemency."

I aroſe, took up my pen, and wrote the following lines to Mr. Warley:

"*To*.

"*To Mr.* WARLEY.

"'TIS true, Sir, I loved him---He is now no more---and even his faults (conſidering the motive which gave riſe to them) become dear to me---Yet you are not his murderer---I have been the cauſe of his grief---his deſpair---and his death. I would comfort you---but, alas! deſpair and wretchedneſs alone inhabit the boſom of

"ELIZA WARWICK."

Lady Norfolk ſoon after returned with my mournful packet, and I preſented her with my anſwer to Mr. Warley. This unfeeling woman, my Lord---but I will ſpare her converſation---I will refrain from

from diſcovering to a heart like yours the treatment I underwent from her, even whilſt ſhe ſaw me abſorbed in miſery. From that day my reſidence at Norfolk-caſtle was embittered by the cruelleſt language, the moſt mortifying deportment, from her Ladyſhip; and I was determined to leave her houſe, though gaining my livelihood by the hardeſt labour ſhould be the conſequence.

One day I was walking in that wood where my mother firſt beheld the object of her love, when I ſaw a young and charming lady beckon to me from a ſecret part of it. I flew towards her---joy impelled my ſteps---and yet I could aſſign no reaſon for it. As I approached the tree under which ſhe ſtood, ſhe reached forth her hand to receive mine, and, turning with me into a thicket, we ſeated ourſelves

ourſelves on the verdant turf; and, in a ſweet and compaſſionate voice, ſhe thus addreſſed me:

"I am no ſtranger, Madam, to your hiſtory, nor to the unkind treatment you receive from one who ſhould be a parent and ſympathizing friend to you---Lady Norfolk's character, however, is too well known, to teach any one not to expect from her a contrary behaviour towards a woman more beautiful and more accompliſhed than herſelf. My name is Powis ---I am a near neighbour of this Lady's--- and the amiable Lord Weſtbrook has encouraged me to ſpeak to you on a ſubject that ſo nearly concerns you, and to make you a propoſal, which your acceptance of muſt render you as happy as it will my friend Lady Huntley." I thanked her for ſo much goodneſs, and in tears beſought

beſought her to favour me with what ſhe had to propoſe. "Lady Huntley," replied ſhe, "was on a viſit, ſome time ago, at my father's---She heard of your youth, your beauty, and your misfortunes ---She deſired me, if I could obtain a ſight of you, to offer you her houſe as an aſylum, her friendſhip for your protection. She knew your charming mother---they were intimate companions in their infancy, and dearly loved each other. As they grew up, that intimacy would have ſubſiſted, but that Lady Huntley ſpent the greateſt part of her life abroad; her health, which was precarious, made her reſidence in the ſouth of France, and at Naples, abſolutely neceſſary. She loſt, ſome months ſince, a fine young daughter; and ſhe thinks, if you would do her the favour of living with her, ſhe ſhould, in the company of one ſo ſenſible and amiable,

amiable, forget her misfortune. Her only ſon is now abroad upon his travels—he is not expected in England very ſoon—and in the mean while Lady Huntley is ſacrificed to grief and melancholy. I have long wiſhed to have an opportunity of ſpeaking to you on this topic; and as Lord Weſtbrook informed me that yonder grove was a favourite haunt of yours, I have planted myſelf near it for ſome time unobſerved, and have at length been ſo happy as to gain the favour of your attention."

My gratitude to this fair ſtranger exceeded the bounds of expreſſion, and I could only teſtify it by my tears and broken exclamations. She bade me to reflect on all ſhe had ſaid, and to meet her the following day in the ſame place. I promiſed to do ſo; and we parted.

This propoſal, I will own to you, my Lord, created ſome emotions in my breaſt of a very painful kind: the idea of being obliged to a ſtranger for that protection which my own relations could afford me affected me ſenſibly; but, when I reflected on the amiableneſs of Lady Huntley's character---the intimate acquaintance ſhe had had with my mother---when I reflected on her known benevolence---her affability---her good ſenſe---I made no doubt the change I ſhould make would be for the better---"If it is not," cried I, "*the world is before me, and Providence my guide*; I can leave Lady Huntley, and earn with honeſt labour my bread." As I was returning to the houſe, I met Lady Norfolk, with a ſuite of gentlemen and ladies, going into the park. The gentlemen took off their hats, on ſeeing me, with reſpect; and ſeveral of them

them exclaimed *that I was beautiful.* "Pho! pho!" cried my kind aunt, "if you cannot ſee a tolerable-looking creature, but you endeavour to turn her head with a notion of her being handſome---Begone to your room, Miſs!" darting at me a look of indignation. I was retiring faſt, when Lord Belville caught hold of my hand---"No, Madam," ſaid he to Lady Norfolk, "Miſs Warwick is much too charming, as well as too amiable, to be thus ſecluded from the world---Your Ladyſhip forgets, perhaps, that ſhe is your niece, but we cannot ſo eaſily part with the idea of her being the loveliеſt ſtar that has ever ſhone amongſt us." I diſengaged my hand from his Lordſhip; and pleading, as a wiſh for my return to the houſe, my having taken a long walk, he obligingly aſſented to it, with an aſſurance of his

regret, and a low bow. After I left them, I believe I was ſpoken of with ſome degree of kindneſs by the men; for, when they were gone, Lady Norfolk came into the library, and deſcended to abſolute abuſe. She ſaid *I was always putting myſelf in the way of being noticed by the other ſex; but that, indeed, if I was ſo ungrateful as to requite her favours by endeavouring to inveigle her ſon into a connection with me—a ſcheme it was evident I meditated*—ſhe *could not expect, but that imprudence (not to uſe a harſher word) would ever mark my character.* She *aſſured me, ſhe ſhould never think of keeping a beggar's brat, becauſe* THAT BEGGAR *had been her ſiſter—that I was ſo incorrigible, ſhe was abſolutely ſick and tired of throwing away ſo much good advice upon me.* I fell at her feet, and thanked her for the charity ſhe had exerted

in

in my behalf---begged her, however, to be convinced that I meant not to ſee any man, when the fineneſs of the day, and my love of meditation, induced me to viſit the grove---"Spare, then, my Lady," cried I, "my character---I will not treſpaſs further on your goodneſs---the *beggar's brat* you ſpeak of is too proud to be more indebted to you---and I will leave your Ladyſhip's houſe with a grateful heart for the *many* favours you have conferred on me." She flung out of the room in a rage.

That very day I received a packet, directed to me, in Sir Charles Beaufort's hand-writing. It came from one of his executors, who had unavoidably detained it till he could learn my place of reſidence. It was a bequeſt of a thouſand pounds a year during my life---his picture---the

watch and trinkets Mrs. Morris had taken to him---the former of which I had hoped ſhe had ſold, and given him the money ſhe had received for it---But now, I will own, I did not regret this laſt deceit of hers---Sir Charles knew the ſincerity of my intentions---and, without its being diſpoſed of, I regained the preſent of my guardian which moſt I valued.

I was much affected by the kindneſs and generoſity of Beaufort---I could now accept of this ſettlement, ſince no ſelfiſh motive could have reſulted from his obliging me---I wept over the laſt tribute of his affection---I wiſhed I could recal him to life---though, had he lived, my Lord, to this preſent moment, my delicacy would have ſtarted at the thought of admitting him again as a lover.

Lady

Lady Norfolk's behaviour to me altered viſibly after her knowledge of this change in my ſituation---I was her *niece* at every ſecond word---and the *beggarly brat* exiſted no longer. Still her averſion to me was unconquerable---and I ſaw through all her endeavours to conceal it.

I met Miſs Powis as we had appointed ---She rejoiced in my newly-acquired fortune, and propoſed that I ſhould accept an invitation ſhe would make me, to ſpend ſome days at her houſe, and *that* before Lady Norfolk---That, after I was with her, ſhe would write to tell Lady Huntley all that had happened; and that, if ſhe pleaſed, Miſs Powis and I would wait upon her at Elmſwood.

Every thing was done accordingly, and Lady Norfolk objected not to my accom-

accompanying my kind friend to Sir Harry Powis's ſeat, which was at a ſmall diſtance from Norfolk-caſtle. I was above deceit, however; and, juſt before I ſtept into Miſs Powis's chaiſe, I begged leave to ſay a few words in private to her Ladyſhip. She gave me the deſired *audience*, and I thus addreſſed her:

"I have many thanks to offer you, Madam, for the protection you have afforded me—Your late behaviour, though, has convinced me that I am more an incumbrance to you than any thing elſe—and as Lady Huntley has done me the honour of aſking me to ſpend ſome time with her, and as I am ſenſible it will be better for me to reſide with ſome lady whoſe amiable character will ſhield me againſt inſult, than to live by myſelf, where the eyes of a malicious world will be prying into

into my receſſes, and calumniating the moſt innocent actions, I have accepted her kind invitation, and mean to return no more, as a reſident, to Norfolk-caſtle. I intreat, however, your Ladyſhip to believe, I ſhall ever retain a juſt ſenſe of your favours towards me." She would have ſpoken, but ſhame and vexation tied her tongue; I therefore took the opportunity of giving her a ſhort embrace, and quitted her preſence with more pleaſure than ever I had entered it.

Lord Norfolk and Lord Weſtbrook, who had been in the ſecret, took leave of me with ſwoken hearts. Lord Weſtbrook, as he handed me to the carriage, put a letter into my hand—"Do me the favour," cried he, "to read this, and I will go for your anſwer to-morrow." I received it from him, not ſuſpecting that

it

it was a declaration of love, and put it in my pocket. When we arrived at Powis-hall, I was received moſt courteouſly by Sir Harry Powis, whoſe reverend figure and exalted character I need ſay nothing of to your Lordſhip; your admiration of and eſteem for him having commenced at a much earlier period than did my acquaintance with him. In Miſs Powis I experienced a faithful friend---a ſympathizing conſoler---and from the day we firſt met our love and intimacy have hourly increaſed.

Miſs Powis reminded me, when I had got to her houſe, of reading Lord Weſtbrook's letter, and would have retired whilſt I perused it, but I held her hand---"No," ſaid I, "I have no ſecrets from you---I know not the purport of this letter---but we will be informed of it together."

ther." She threw her arms around my neck, and ſolicited a continuance of my confidence. I wept with joy at ſuch kind uſage, having been a ſtranger to it for ſome months, and received comfort from this proof of her affection. I broke open the ſeal, and read the following lines to her:

"*To Miſs* WARWICK.

"You are going, charming Eliza!---you are about to leave Norfolk-caſtle---and the unhappy Weſtbrook's heart you will take for ever with you---Why am I not permitted to make an open avowal of my paſſion for you! Why are my words, my actions, limited thus, while my adoration for you knows no bounds!---Yet, ah! my fair couſin, you return not this paſſion---your looks

were

were cold—they anſwered not to the expreſſions, the warm expreſſions, of my heart. I am wretched—I will own to you, I am miſerable!—From the inſtant I beheld you, I became your conqueſt—and my eyes have told you ſo a thouſand times. With what difficulty I have ſuppreſſed a fuller declaration of it before, no language can deſcribe—and, but I feared a diſcovery of it, (for your ſake,) nothing could have reſtrained the impetuoſity of my ſoul. Oh! lovely Miſs Warwick! by the tenderneſs of that boſom which has ſo often melted at the idea of another's ſufferings, pity a man who lives but to love—who can never ceaſe to adore you——To-morrow—oh! to-morrow—be it propitious!—it will decide for ever the fate of

"WESTBROOK."

[redacted]

My

My aſtoniſhment was great on reading this letter---I could not have ſuppoſed things would have ever come to this height---and I acknowledged to Miſs Powis that I did not think they would. Upon looking into her face, I perceived ſome ſtarting tears, and a confuſion, which ſhe in vain endeavoured to conceal. I took her hand, and, preſſing it to my lips, I begged to be informed of the cauſe of thoſe emotions. She told me, they were pleaders in the cauſe of her friend. I aſſured her I was very ſorry ſhe intereſted herſelf ſo highly in it, for that it was impoſſible for me to encourage his paſſion without doing a violence to my heart---"I am," continued I, "inſenſible to the profeſſions of the moſt eloquent, the moſt charming---I never ſaw but one whom I could love, and he" ——————I turned aſide to weep---Miſs

Powis embraced me with tenderneſs, and I perceived that her eyes ſparkled with unuſual vivacity. She talked of my cruelty---and as ſhe pronounced the name of Weſtbrook ſhe bluſhed---Suffice it to ſay, my Lord, that I ſoon diſcovered that Miſs Powis regarded my handſome, amiable coufin with eyes of love---and, when ſhe was convinced I could never behold him in that light, ſhe frankly owned to me her paſſion for him. In the mean time I law Lord Weſtbrook—His tears, his intreaties, his deſpair, conſpired to move my pity; but my foul ſeemed dead to every tender impreſſion—I pleaded many motives for my not encouraging his ſuit; but, above all, I conjured him never to think of marrying a woman who profeſſed to ſee for him *my friendſhip*—"There are," ſaid I, "my Lord, impediments in human nature, which no

cautions

cautious eye of eſteem will not overlook—To make, therefore, the connubial ſtate a happy one, the dazzled ſight of love is abſolutely neceſſary—All appears right in the darling object—and every word, every action, nay, even every fault, has ſome peculiar charm. That paſſion will, I grant you, ripen into friendſhip—but it is of all friendſhips the moſt delightful—warm—animated—yet compoſed—It forms the happieſt moments of our lives—and though love generally terminates in a ſtate thus tranquil, yet never did a marriage prove ſuch exquiſite felicity, which did not commence with all the agitation, all the perturbation of love." Lord Weſtbrook thought this reaſoning *might be good*; but his heart refuſed to liſten to its dictates. He was always at Powis-hall, and, in ſpite of all I could ſay, ever avowing to

me his paſſion. Miſs Powis's attachment increaſed towards me, although I was her rival. Her looks were paler and more wan than when I firſt beheld her; yet ſhe laboured to conceal the cauſe of ſuch an alteration by all the ſpirits ſhe could aſſume. I now began to reflect on the propriety of my leaving Huntingdonſhire—I was the occaſion of much grief to my friend; and the longer I ſtaid with her, the more incorrigible would Lord Weſtbrook's paſſion become: for both their ſakes, I therefore reſolved to ſet off for Elmſwood directly; and after imparting my deſign to Miſs Powis, we fixed on the next day for our journey. Before I left Powis-hall, I begged Lord Weſtbrook to give me his company for a few minutes in the garden—I there, with great ſincerity, *thanked him for his multiplied goodneſs to me, and aſſured him*

I ſhould

I ſhould ever retain the moſt grateful ſenſe of the obligations I lay under to him. I then, with equal candour, *begged him to believe that my heart was wholly untouched by his flattering gallantry—I owned, tho' he was an object of my perfect eſteem, yet I had never beheld the man, ſince I ſaw Sir Charles Beaufort, who could inſpire me with one tender ſenſation—I intreated him not to perſecute me with a renewal of theſe vows which had already given me ſo much uneaſineſs—that abſence, and the ſociety of other women more amiable, more worthy his regard, would intirely diſſipate me from his idea—that Miſs Pawis would often inform him of me—and that he would oblige me ever, by ſhewing her as much attention and eſteem as her humanity to the diſtreſſes of an orphan exacted from every ſenſible, every generous mind—and his friendſhip for me would, I was*

ſure, teach him to regard and reſpect her, for my ſake, more than he had ever done before. Lord Weſtbrook, with a burſting heart, promiſed to comply with every command I would chooſe to impoſe on him—and, taking a pathetic leave of me, he retired into the woods, to conceal his ſorrow. I ſeized that opportunity to depart from the Hall, and Miſs Powis and I ſat forward on our journey to Elmſwood.

Lady Huntley met us half way. Her amiable deportment, her engaging aſpect, her elegance of figure, ſtruck me at once with a love and reſpect for her, which have momently increaſed ſince that hour. She threw her arms around me, and, preſſing me to her boſom, called me the child of her friend—her virtuous, her injured Eliza!—Ah! how different this reception

ption from that which I had experi-
d from Lady Norfolk!

ow, my Lord, am I to deſcribe ſome
ne moſt pleaſing hours of my life—
e chequered by the moſt exquiſite
hts—the bittereſt misfortunes!

When we alighted at the charming ſeat
Elmſwood, it appeared to me a ſcene
liſsful enchantment—The groves, the
s, the park, the falls of water and
le ſtreams, all ſeemed to have been
peculiar care of ſome ſupernatural
s—and the dear inhabitant of this
ld Paradiſe preſided as the Genius of
ne. *Here*, how happily did I live
ome months!—The company, the
erſation, of Lady Huntley, were too
htful to be expreſſed—and the no-
of my not being a dependent on her

favours, but the choſen companion of her hours, rendered my ſituation ſtill more bliſsful. We walked—we read—we ſaw company—but what a different ſet of people to thoſe Lady Norfolk's vanity would aſſemble at Norfolk-caſtle! —Beauty, virtue, accompliſhment, and ſenſe, were to be found amongſt the viſiters of Elmſwood—*there*, neither wit, grace, nor any other charm, was viſible in any of the females but Miſs Powis, who, on account of her ſuperiority, was an object of deteſtation to Lady Norfolk —In ſhort, my Lord, when I compared my preſent ſituation to that which had ſo lately been my lot, I lifted up my heart in gratitude to that beneficent Creator who had ſupported me through all my trials, and brought me at length to a ſtate of *earthly* felicity.

The

The largeneſs of my income enabled me to give content to others whom Fortune had not ſmiled upon; and in my viſits to the humble cottagers I loved their ſimplicity, and reſpected their innocence—I was called by them the Daughter of Peace—and, in my attendance on their ſick-beds, they thought themſelves better, when I reached forth the medicines. With what anxiety, with what ſympathy, did I hang over the couch of an expiring mother, or the father of a family! How did I ſtrive to chear the drooping mourners, and ſoothe their ſouls to comfort!—Ah! my Lord, whether in Courts or cottages, the loſs of an amiable parent is irreparable—and of all afflictions, next to the loſs of honour, ſurely it is the greateſt!

Theſe ſcenes I viſited, to keep me

humble—What, tho' I taſted the ſweets of fortune, was I, on that account, to think no more of miſery?—Ah! no, the child of Adverſity is taught, by ſad experience, to feel for others—and how happy are thoſe who, with ſuch ſentiments, have power to ſuccour the afflicted!—*That* notion I had ever imbibed from my earlieſt infancy—and misfortune had impreſſed it on my heart.

Amongſt the viſiters of Lady Huntley, two gentlemen in particular honoured me with their love—Sir Edward Topdon and Mr. Pawlet made me the moſt honourable and (in point of fortune) advantageous propoſals—but I rejected them, from a reaſon I gave before—and at that time "I was fully perſuaded a heart could love but once."

Lady

Lady Huntley uſed to ſpeak of you often, my Lord—She deſcribed you, ſuch as I really found you to be, ſenſible, handſome, witty, polite—but there were ſome charming traits in the portrait which Lady Huntley paſſed over, and which could be perceptible to the eyes of love alone.

I did not apprehend danger from ſeeing you—I thought I had beheld all that was amiable in the ſex already ſighing at my feet—and that, at beſt, you could be but a copy of ſome of the moſt worthy——Then I reflected, that a man who had ſeen all that was beautiful, all that was lovely, in woman, and had been ſo univerſally diſtinguiſhed by them in every Court he had viſited, would never bend his eyes to the inſignificant Eliza, but would raiſe them to ſome lady more his

equal

equal in points of fortune, beauty, and reputation—the latter I conſidered as unconquerably tarniſhed—and, though my virtue was, in fact, not injured, the fairneſs of my character was loſt for ever——I do aſſure you, my Lord, I rejoiced at the idea of being unnoticed by you—I was tired of hearing the ſame declarations from the mouth of every man I converſed with—and my heart was ſo wholly inſenſible to their different merits, that I was convinced its feeling a ſecond attachment was a circumſtance not only improbable, but abſolutely impoſſible.

During the firſt ſix months of my ſtay at Elmſwood, I often ſaw and heard from Miſs Powis—Lord Weſtbrook had accuſtomed himſelf to her converſation—he was conſtantly a gueſt of Sir Harry Powis—he diſcovered many amiable qualities

lities in his daughter, many charms in her perſon—he walked, ſung, and danced, with her—they read together—and he was her conſtant attendant on every excurſion, either of charity or pleaſure, that ſhe made—In fine, my Lord, under the name of friendſhip, love found its way a ſecond time into the heart of Weſtbrook; and, whilſt he adored Miſs Powis, he had not a thought that any ſentiment but eſteem guided the warm wiſhes which were ſo often offered up by him for her happineſs. The following accident, however, ſoon undeceived him.

Lord Belville, who had ſeen Miſs Powis one evening at Norfolk caſtle, was ſtruck with her beauty, but more with her converſation. He got Lord Norfolk to introduce him at Powis-hall, and from that day he profeſſed himſelf her lover. The

greatneſs

greatneſs of his fortune, his ancient pedigree, but moſt of all his nobleneſs of ſoul, recommended him to Sir Harry Powis as a man worthy his daughter's acceptance; and he prevailed upon her to admit his viſits, until a further acquaintance ſhould either juſtify her refuſal of him, or his amiable qualities ſhould make an impreſſion on her heart. This was but reaſonable; and Miſs Powis, to oblige her father, conſented to it; though ſhe was well convinced no man, but one, could ever inſpire her with a tender regard. In the mean time, Lord Weſtbrook was a witneſs of the aſſiduity of his rival; nay, he even made him the confidant of his paſſion. Lord Weſtbrook became ſullen, penſive, and unhappy—he hid himſelf continually in the woods—and when chance, or the regularity of the family hours, would preſent

Miſs

Miſs Powis to his ſight, he would turn from her, and remove, if poſſible, out of the ſound of her charming voice. He often endeavoured to leave Powis-hall; but, before he had got half a mile from the avenue, he was always brought back again by an impulſe as ſtrange as irreſiſtible. He imputed all this, at firſt, to friendſhip—he thought his ſituation had been delightful, till Lord Belville intruded—he had more of Miſs Powis's converſation—he had poſſeſſed her confidence—but *now* it was far different—ſhe would ſoon be married—Lord Belville was alone intitled to thoſe hours of unreſerved friendſhip ſhe had beſtowed on *him*—and he *now* conſidered himſelf as an intruder, not as an agreeable and uſeful companion to Sir Harry and his daughter. Thus whiſpered jealouſy; and he determined, by one reſolute exertion,

to

to tear himſelf from a place which had once yielded him delight. His plan was to go to London for the winter; and, after ordering his horſes, he was about to leave the houſe without bidding any one in it adieu. As he paſſed the muſic-room, in order to gain the court-yard, he perceived, as the door lay open, Miſs Powis alone, and leaning on the harpſichord as if in tears. He thought no more of his reſolution, but entering the room, he drew a chair near her, and took hold of her hand. He inquired the cauſe of thoſe tears?—he begged to know whether ſome trifling quarrel with her lover had not occaſioned them? At that queſtion they redoubled. "Well, Miſs Powis," cried he, "be not grieved—Lord Belville will ſoon own his fault, and you will regain once more your aſcendency over his conquered heart—

Where

Where is he?—I will bring him to your feet." He aroſe to go—She caught hold of his arm—'Ah!' replied ſhe, 'do you take pleaſure in inſulting me?—I abhor Lord Belville—I wiſh I had never ſeen him!' "I wiſh ſo too!" ſighed out the charming Weſtbrook. 'And why,' aſked Miſs Powis—'Why do you wiſh ſo?' He faultered—he heſitated—that ſimple queſtion opened to him the truth. "Becauſe," cried he, preſſing her hand to his boſom, "I love you." She bluſhed—ſhe evaded the ſubject—ſhe aſked him why he was booted?—and whether he intended to leave them? He ſaid *Yes—that Lord Belville was the man choſen by her for happineſs—and that he could not bring his froward heart to be a witneſs of his triumph.* He bade her adieu—She recalled him—They wept—they embraced—In ſhort, my Lord, the

ſcene

ſcene concluded by ſolemn vows on both ſides never to part again. Sir Harry was informed of theſe proceedings; and Lord Belville, ſince he could not himſelf be the favoured lover, was contented to ſee the amiable Weſtbrook in poſſeſſion of that perſon which he once hoped to have called his own. Lord and Lady Norfolk refuſed not to conſent to their union; and my friend, very ſoon after, met with that juſt reward which her love, her conſtancy, her merit, claimed.

Lord Weſtbrook, on their marriage, wrote me a humourous letter, and aſſured me he had *punctually obeyed* my laſt command. I laughed at the idea of his loving me, and anſwered, I was perſuaded that he had miſtaken the name of what he felt—that it might have been a lively, a tender friendſhip—for *that love viſited*

the

the heart but once—and I was convinced my excellent Emily had awakened in him thoſe refined, thoſe exquiſite emotions, which he could never have experienced before, and which once loſt could never be retrieved again. Thus, my Lord, did I reaſon on the ſublimity of this paſſion; but, alas! I dreamed not that there was *ſtill* a man in the world who could inſpire me a ſecond time with love, in all its purity, its ardour, its refinement—I knew not, at that time, Lord Huntley.

A letter from your Lordſhip, about a fortnight after this, to Lady Huntley, taught her to expect you ſoon in England. Her joy was great beyond meaſure—her life, her beſt hopes, ſeemed centered in you. She thought the weeks, the days, the hours, tedious, until your arrival—and ſhe reckoned them all with

impatience, and counted them with anxiety. I now begged leave to retire from Elmſwood—I pleaded that her Ladyſhip would ſoon have a loved and long-loſt companion reſtored to her arms, and that with her permiſſion I would quit her until your Lordſhip married, when I promiſed to return, and live with her Ladyſhip until the hour which ſhould ſeparate us by the hand of Death. Lady Huntley would not hear of my going—ſhe threw her arms around me, and called me *her dear daughter*—ſhe ſaid, *ſhe hoped her ſon would love, and deſerve me, better than did Sir Charles Beaufort.* Thoſe, my Lord, were her Ladyſhip's words—words which, at that time, gave me uneaſineſs—but which have ſince fed me with deluſive hopes——Ah! have I not ever been the ſport of fortune!

Think

Think not, my Lord, I mean to reproach Lady Huntley for the part ſhe has acted—oh! no—I honour her for it—Lady Iſabella Trevice, when compared with the inſignificant Eliza, was too ſuperior a match to have heſitated one moment of accepting——What am I, my Lord?—Reflect a while—turn back to ſome of thoſe fatal paſſages ſince the death of Beauvariſe—and behold me diſhonoured, poor, and friendleſs—Now, who can murmur againſt the commands of Lady Huntley!

* * * * *

I have been ill, my Lord—I have been very ill, ſince I wrote the above—Death has laid on me his cold, but welcome hand—I live but to perform my laſt promiſe to you—I live but to give you the

ſequel of my melancholy ſtory———
Regret me not, dear Huntley! but drive me from your memory—Shed not a tear over my grave, but allow one to my life—it is in living I have been wretched—in dying, I truſt, I ſhall be happy——Oh! with what pleaſure do I look forward to that bleſſed moment!—with what confidence do I expect its approach!—Huntley—my dear Huntley!—I leave this world—I leave even thee——the firſt is nothing—in the laſt I comprehend every pang that I ſhall ſuffer.

* * * * *

After being anxiouſly expected by Lady Huntley for ſome time, your Lordſhip made your appearance at Elmſwood. I was not preſent when you met your mother—I was, if you remember, in the garden;

garden; whither, after your firſt ſalutations, Lady Huntley led you, to be introduced to *her* Eliza, as ſhe called me. I was employed, on your approach, in pruning a favourite roſe-tree; nor did I hear you, until her Ladyſhip caught my hand, and bade me *behold her ſon*——I turned towards you——What a form!——what grace!——what benignity!——ſtruck my aſtoniſhed eyes!——Your Lordſhip ſeemed not leſs amazed——You beheld me with wonder——with reverence——with admiration——I bluſhed——You could not ſpeak——and in a confuſed manner carried my hand to your lips——You think me vain, perhaps, my Lord——Ah! pardon me——At this awful hour, when the grave is open to receive my emaciated form——when every charm has given place to a dying languor——and when that beauty, which has been thought

well of, even by you, my Lord, is now become indifferent to me---do not ſuppoſe that, at ſuch a time, my mind can taſte of vanity——That I was more than handſome is true---that you were too ſenſible of it, from the firſt moment you ſaw me, is alſo a fact---and I ſpeak of it, not as my boaſt, but my misfortune.

The amazement which the beauty of your perſon at firſt excited in me ſoon ſubſided, and I regarded your Lordſhip as the ſon of my benefactreſs, as the friend of my future days---Love had not then intruded itſelf into my heart---and I viewed you with that eſteem only which the amiableneſs of your character exacted from all.

Suffer me, my Lord, to repeat minutely every ſcene, every trifling tranſaction,

action, which intereſted me, from your arrival, until my departure from Elmſwood---To you, who love, it cannot appear tedious---or if it ſhould, and after reading thus far you have altered your ſentiments of me, and hold me no longer worthy of your attachment, ſend the recital to my dear Lady Weſtbrook, who will peruſe each word with pleaſure, and ſympathize in every trifle that concerned Eliza---*Concerned*, I ſay; for I ſhall ceaſe to live ere this can draw the drop of pity from her eye.

* * * * *

You muſt recollect, my Lord, that Elmſwood was the reſort of all that was gay, agreeable, and charming, after your Lordſhip's arrival---The houſe was thronged with viſiters, and crouded with happy

faces—Mine was the only one that wore the aſpect of complaint—all beſides were joy, mirth, and delight—I alone was placid without emotion, cheerful without noiſe—The conſtant buſtle of the ſcene, however, fatigued me—I ſighed for ſolitude—I ſickened for retirement——The *noiſy* congratulations of the country gentlemen—the tireſome gallantries of the more accompliſhed ones—the *witty bitterneſſes* that paſſed from one pretty woman to another—together with the conſtant amuſements of dancing, concerts, and card-aſſemblies—made me regret that the ſerenity of Elmſwood's ſhades had flown for ever on the approach of its Lord——I endeavoured to court it often---but, if I was found alone in the woods or groves, the raillery of the men, and the inſinuations of the ladies, gave me, at length, a dread of

following

following my inclinations---and I gave into every project of mirth in my own defence. All this time, my Lord, you regarded me with an eye of attention---You were polite to every one---but to me you were aſſiduous---I imputed it to your deſire of complimenting Lady Huntley, by being attentive to one whom you thought dear to her---but I little imagined that thoſe *douceurs* proceeded from a more intereſted motive.

One evening, as I was dancing with Sir Edward Topdon, a ſtring of pearls, which was tied round my neck, and to which the miniature of my guardian hung, ſuddenly broke, from my having ſtrung them on too ſlender a thread---The pearls were ſcattered about the floor, and the picture dropped into my boſom. I begged Lady Priſcilla Stanton to dance

with

with Sir Edward until my return, and ſaid I would go and put up the portrait, which I prized too much to truſt into my pocket, leſt by ſome accident I ſhould break the chryſtal, and damage the painting. She conſented to take my place; and as I made towards the door, I ſaw four or five of the pearls, which the dancers feet had ſtruck out of their way, juſt by it. You at the moment entered the room as I ſtooped to pick them up. The picture fell out of my boſom on the floor---You were on your knees in an inſtant---and the firſt thing you laid your hand on was the miniature. I told you of the accident, and laughed at the loſs of my fine pearls. I was not attended to---but your eyes devoured the portrait, which you ſtill held. I aſked you for it, and thanked you for your trouble---You ſaid you would give it to me the next

day,

day, and put it into your pocket. I was aſtoniſhed at this---but left the room, highly glad of an excuſe to ſteal from my partner; and, as he did not know how the picture was already diſpoſed of, he ſuppoſed my abſence was occaſioned by my care of it. The next day I aſked for this precious reſemblance---You gave it to me with an air of gallantry, and ſighed. I received it without a bluſh, and with infinite compoſure. I perceived you were ſurpriſed---for you knew not that it was the repreſentation of my guardian.

In two or three days after, a party on horſeback was propoſed for all the ladies, and every gentleman attended them with an aſſiduous pleaſure, which men of politeneſs are wont to aſſume on ſuch occaſions. I was a good horſe-woman; for the

the Duke of Beauvariſe took pleaſure in having me taught to ride, as he thought, if ever my health required that exerciſe, I ſhould find my knowledge in the management of a horſe particularly uſeful: I rode a young Arabian, which I had commiſſioned Lord Weſtbrook to get for me; it was remarkably beautiful, ſpirited, yet eaſy to manage.

During our excurſion, we met a drove of oxen; one of them was refractory, and ſome countrymen, who were in an adjoining field, called out, *that it had juſt gored a paſſenger, and they were going to ſecure it with ropes.* The creature was at ſome diſtance from us, at that time; but, by its contortions, we judged its approach would be dangerous. The ladies ſhrieked out violently, but my fear had deprived me of voice---You, my Lord,

Lord, without regarding the many females of conſequence who were in an equally hazardous ſituation, leaped from your horſe, and running to the poor Eliza, you took her off in your arms, and lifted her on the other ſide of the fence, where ſhe would be perfectly ſafe. I was fainting with terror---you ſupported me, and by your tender care recalled me to life. In the mean time, the furious animal was forcibly held, by the ſtrength of a monſtrous rope, which ſome of the countrymen, with great dexterity, had ſlipped round its head, and tied it to a tree, until the reſt of the party had paſſed. Its frightful bellowing alarmed my horſe, and my pretty Arabian ran away from the ſpot, nor ever ſtopped until it tumbled down a remarkable precipice, which effectually put an end to his fright and his life together. I lay expoſed to the

true, ſpeak the language of love, but he has never yet ſuffered his lips to declare to me that paſſion---his agitations, which I have ſo lately witneſſed, might have been cauſed by compaſſion---he knows Lady Huntley's friendſhip for me ---and it is to that, perhaps, I am indebted for theſe proofs of his regard."--- I will own to you, my Lord, I liked not this mode of arguing, and I quitted my bed with a degree of peeviſh inquietude, which my woman had never before diſcovered in me.

Your attentions from that day redoubled---Your endeavours to pleaſe---your fear of offending---the ſenſibility which ſhone in your countenance---all told me I was dear to you---but your ſilence upon that ſubject rendered me ſlow to believe what the certain knowledge of alone would

would have made me happy——I was reſtleſs, anxious, and uneaſy---the air of coldneſs which I aſſumed towards you, in order to conceal the real ſentiments of my boſom, was an exertion which its tenderneſs could ill ſupport, but which my reaſon approved, and which deceived your Lordſhip as to the real ſituation of my ſoul.

I paſſed a whole month, from this period, in all the tortures of ſuſpence, undetermined what to do---whether to leave Elmſwood, and bury myſelf in ſolitude for ever, or to go to Lady Weſtbrook's, and remain with her, till time and abſence ſhould obliterate from my heart the impreſſion you had made on it. At length, the moment ſo often dreaded, yet ſo ardently wiſhed for, arrived, with all its delights---all thoſe exquiſite emo-

tions, which only *ſuch* a declaration, from *ſuch* a man, could inſpire.

One evening, after a long walk which a large party of us had taken, when we entered the ſaloon, all ſeated themſelves in haſte, and avowed their fatigue---A bouquet of roſes and myrtle, which I had in my boſom, became troubleſome, and I threw it on one of the windows near me---Nobody, as I imagined, had obſerved me---but your Lordſhip ſoon after, walking (as if without deſign) to the place, took up the flowers, and fixing on me the moſt impaſſioned look, you carried them to your lips---I was not on my guard---I was too attentive---and ſurpriſed into a deep bluſh---Tears ſtarted into thoſe orbs, which at the inſtant told you (as I ſuppoſed) the ſecret of my heart---What did not yours ſay in return!

---You

—You fixed the bouquet in your boſom, and ſeemed to behold it as an object of adoration---This accident confuſed---delighted---nay, charmed me---and that evening I conſidered as the happieſt of my life.

The next morning you were miſſed at breakfaſt, and your abſence was imputed to your having viſited your friend Mr. Pawlet. The ladies propoſed a rambling excurſion; but I confeſs, as I found *you* were not to be of the party, I could not think of making one---every thing would have appeared flat and inſipid---and I ſhould have been fatigued before I had got half-way---I therefore excuſed myſelf, as having letters to write; and, as ſoon as they were gone, I retired to my own apartment.

Your miniature, which I had begun to draw, engroſſed every leiſure moment of my time; and inſtead of taking up the pen, I employed my pencil. I had ſat to it about an hour, when the beauty of the day tempted me into the garden. I ſtruck down that ſhady walk where my ſweet roſe-tree bloomed, and ſeated myſelf by it, to enjoy its fragrance. The mildneſs of the weather, the refreſhing breezes that gently fanned every leaf, the melody of the birds, all filled my ſoul with harmony; and a certain lightneſs hung about my heart, which till the evening before it had long been a ſtranger to. I had not enjoyed this tranquility a quarter of an hour, when the ſound of approaching footſteps intruded on my ear. I aroſe haſtily, with a deſign to leave the place, juſt as your Lordſhip preſented yourſelf before me---I bluſhed---curteſied ---I attempted

---I attempted to retire---but you ſeized my hand, and with a look of expreſſion, which my fancy now brings to my view, you begged me to ſtay one moment, and to hear you. My heart throbbed---I was unable to ſtand---and, walking back a few ſteps to the ſeat I had quitted, I was glad of a pretence to reſume it, ſo little were my knees able to ſupport me. You threw yourſelf on the turf beſide me---and, after telling me how miſerable you were to find that you had often incurred my diſpleaſure, by an aſſiduity which your love alone inſpired, you intreated my pardon for the uneaſineſs you had given me, and aſſured me you reſolved to tear yourſelf from Elmſwood, in order to reſtore my peace——You pauſed---I could not ſpeak---Thus you went on---"As for my *own*, too charming Eliza! that has for ever fled my breaſt---All I have to do

is to bewail your cruelty, or rather my own unworthineſs, and to give you back happineſs by ſacrificing my own." Here, my Lord, you may remember I exclaimed, "*My peace, alas!*" and a torrent of tears fell on my boſom. You took my handkerchief, and wiped my cheeks---you thanked me for my pity, and ſaid *you would endeavour to deſerve it---that that day would be the laſt of your reſidence at Elmſwood---and that you would ſometimes come to viſit Lady Huntley, and to contemplate, at a humble diſtance, my perfections.* I ſighed---"Adieu! Eliza," you cried, and fell at my feet---I reached forth my hand to you---Our tears ſtreamed---our eyes met---and we exclaimed at once, "Ah! muſt we part!" It was then, Huntley, you were made ſenſible of my love for you---it was then you ſeemed to live, to breathe, but for me---

Ah!

Ah! with what ardour, with what delicacy, did you paint your paſſion!---with what pleaſure, with what tranſport, did I liſten!---From that hour our vows were united---and Heaven can witneſs to the ſincerity, the purity, of them.

To Lady Huntley we communicated our attachment---She embraced us---ſhe approved of it---ſhe declared ſhe ſhould look forward to the day of our nuptials with impatience and delight---Your Lordſhip, however, at that time, knew not my hiſtory---an ænigma, I often told you, which, when unravelled, would, perhaps, ſever the cord of love which bound your ſoul to mine; but which I ſhould intreat Lady Huntley to impart to you, as the taſk of giving you pain would be too much for my tenderneſs to ſupport: beſides, as her Ladyſhip was not a party

concerned, ſhe could tell it with more compoſure than the unhappy ſufferer could have done. You, I remember, at that time, deſired not to hear it, ſince you found it was a melancholy tale, and one which made me ſuffer to reflect on—yet it was *one* I inſiſted you ſhould hear before the indiſſoluble knot was tied.

How happily did we paſs two months after this mutual avowal! With what felicity did we look forward to ſucceeding years! I made a ſolemn vow, that, if any thing ſhould happen to interrupt the bright proſpect of our union, I would retire to a convent, and ſhut myſelf up there for the remainder of my days—to penance and mortification would I dedicate the few years of my unfortunate life that I muſt be fated to drag on, and expiate ſome of thoſe crimes which I muſt have

have been guilty of to have drawn on me ſo ſeverely the vengeance of Heaven—Ah! my Lord, the Almighty ſuffered me not to depend on mortal for happineſs—he has inſtructed me to expect no earthly comforts, that I may ſeek for more glorious, more permanent felicity—and bleſſed ever be his will!

* * * * *

Huntley—when I look back to the delightful hours I have paſſed with you—when I reviſit that roſe-tree in idea, where firſt I beheld you, where firſt you declared to me your paſſion—do I not regret that life flows out ſo faſt?—and yet—why?—Ah! my Huntley! Fate has placed an inſurmountable bar againſt our connection—and death, in that caſe, muſt be deſirable.

* * * * *

In this ſtate of happineſs were we, when Lady Darnington, and her daughter, Lady Iſabella Trevice, wrote to invite themſelves to Elmſwood—I remember I ſhuddered at the thought of their coming; and you, my Lord, ſhrugged your ſhoulders, *praiſed their good-nature, but wiſhed they had ſhewn a little leſs upon this occaſion*—Lady Huntley looked diſpleaſed—Lady Darnington was an old and a dear friend of hers—her daughter was handſome, amiable, and had a hundred thouſand pounds—reaſons which Lady Huntley gave emphatically, and which were ſpoken with a firm and reſolute voice, for their being welcome to her houſe. I will be leſs prolix, my Lord—The ladies arrived—Youth, health, affluence, and beauty, ſhone conſpicuouſly in Lady Iſabella—good-ſenſe, pride, and art, marked her mother's character——

Elmſwood

Elmſwood was again a ſcene of open feſtivity—Lady Darnington and her daughter, by their courteous and affable deportment, ſoon engaged all hearts to approve them—and every one experienced the ſunſhine of their ſmiles but the preſumptuous rival of Lady Iſabella—*ſhe* ſeemed, at that period, to be neglected by all but you—but in your kindneſs, your unabated tenderneſs, I was happier than if I had whole nations paying me adulation.

One night, however, I recollect to have been uneaſy—and you occaſioned it——Perhaps you forget the circumſtance—I will remind you of it.

After dinner, I ſeated myſelf in the bow-window at the bottom of the ſaloon. You ſoon followed me thither, and ſtood up

up before me. We talked and laughed about indifferent matters for ſome time, when I perceived a ſudden gloom overſpread your features. I inquired the cauſe—You looked earneſtly in my face, and told me you had a favour to aſk—I demanded it—You whiſpered, that I wore the picture of a man near my heart—"Now," you cried, "anſwer me ſincerely, and tell me whoſe it is—I had it in my poſſeſſion a whole night—I ſlept not—I ſat up to contemplate it—No words can expreſs my miſery, my jealouſy—I gave it to you the next day—I penetrated your ſoul when you received it from me—but you bluſhed not—you betrayed no confuſion---you took it with compoſure and conſcious innocence—that made me eaſy in ſome meaſure—but I perceive you ſtill wear it—do not refuſe to ſatisfy my curioſity, or rather to quell

my

my anxiety, when I demand of you his name—his title to a place in your boſom." You ſtopped—you conſidered me again with attention—and your ſtedfaſt gaze called up a bluſh into my cheeks—You gave me not time to reply—" Ha! Eliza, what is this? confuſion!—Nay, then, Madam"———' Stay, my Lord, ſaid I, ' this portrait need not inſpire you with jealouſy—its likeneſs is no more—he was my guardian—my friend.' I could ſay not another word—my tears flowed—and the recollection of Beauvaiſe ruſhed into my heart. " Tears, too—this is ſtrange!—but I do not like this friend, Miſs Warwick—*If* he is dead, theſe emotions declare you loved, or rather you ſtill love, his *ſhade*, with ardour ——Your guardian—ha! he was a very youthful one!"

Pardon

Pardon me, my Lord, if I ſay you were in this inſtance cruel—you rouzed my pride—you ſeemed to doubt my truth, my fidelity. I aroſe—and, walking from you with an air of indignation, and ſorrow, retired to my own apartment, where I wept the loſs of *this friend, this guardian*—Irreparable misfortune! which even to this hour I deplore.

In a great while after, I returned to the company—I ſaw your Lordſhip hanging over the chair of Lady Iſabella Trevice, while ſhe ſung the tendereſt, the moſt impaſſioned ſounds—The ſight was painful, but I endeavoured to conceal my chagrin. Dancing was propoſed—You led my exulting rival forth, and caſt on me the moſt indifferent, the moſt piercing looks of neglect. Sir Edward Topdon ſolicited my hand—I gave it to him,

and

and joined the happy throng, but with contrary ſenſations to thoſe which filled the breaſts of all I approached. The whole evening you were devoted to Lady Iſabella, and I to that degree of mortification which ſenſibility like mine was expoſed to.

After ſupper, you intreated Lady Iſabella to *bleſs you* with the melody of her voice—She ſang theſe words, with a look of expreſſion which cut me to the ſoul, but which you ſeemed to receive with delight:

"SOFT confuſion's roſy terror
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek;
Look again, behold your error,
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak.

What tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air,
Mark my eyes—and, as they languiſh,
Read what *yours* have written there."

She

She ſtopped——Her coral lips—ah! how beautifully were they turned!—— You kiſſed her hand with fervour, and ſwore that ſuch a mouth as hers alone was made to expreſs the paſſion it inſpired. My boſom filled—my fooliſh heart fluttered—I thought of Marmontel's Elmira and Delia—and I ſuppoſed my inconſtant Soliman loſt to me for ever. Sir Edward Topdon inſiſted that I ſhould follow the example of Lady Iſabella, *for that not even her Ladyſhip could exceed me in harmony.* I begged to be excuſed—for that after her, and ſuch a compliment, my voice would appear but indifferently. This objection was over-ruled, and I ſung a ſoft Italian air, which deſcribes a man as the zephyr that kiſſes every flower it meets, and concludes with comparing the ſinger, who is imagined to be in love, to a river which follows faithfully but one

courſe. My voice faultered once or twice; but I ſung clearly, and ſucceeded that night particularly well. You ſtole a glance at me, without meaning that I ſhould obſerve you; but our eyes met—you withdrew yours haſtily, and turning to Lady Iſabella, you beat time with her fan on her lovely hand, which ſhe careleſſly diſplayed on the table. Your unkindneſs almoſt threw me into tears; and when I had ended, the applauſe of every perſon preſent, but yourſelf and Lady Iſabella, gave me little pleaſure. You were ſilent on the occaſion; and it was you only whoſe approbation I wiſhed for—every compliment that was paid me I received with indifference. When we retired for the night, ſleep fled my eyes—my grief was inexpreſſible—How did I lament, at that time, my dear Jennet, who would have ſoothed, who could have comforted

my affliction!——but Jennet is a ſaint in Heaven—and ſuch are not to be regretted.

The next morning I looked out of my window as ſoon as it was light, and the firſt object that ſtruck my eyes was your Lordſhip walking in the garden, with the moſt diſconſolate air imaginable. I knew not whether to grieve or to rejoice at this ſight—"Ah!" cried I, "who knows but he is now plotting how to break with me, without appearing too unjuſt, in order to make an offer of his hand to Lady Iſabella Trevice?"—The thought diſtracted me—"Indeed, Huntley," continued I, "there needs no great art on the occaſion—I will free you from all engagements to me, if you can be happier with her." The diſtreſs I endured, however, convinced me it would be no eaſy ſacrifice.

I will own to you, my Lord, I ſtudied my toilet with anxiety that morning—I put on the dreſs moſt becoming to my ſhape—the cap, the ribbons, beſt ſuited to the turn of my features and complexion. The miſerable night I had paſſed gave me a hectic, which added to the bloom of my cheeks and lips; and I looked to be in better health than I really was. We met at breakfaſt—(and it was at that meeting I expected to read my fate)—You approached me with an air of penitence and ſorrow—you endeavoured to take my hand, which I withheld, with, perhaps, too much dignity. You appeared mortified, humble, and ſubmiſſive; and retired behind my chair, on which you leaned, without uttering a word. Lady Iſabella ſtrove to attract your notice—hummed a tune audibly enough—called you to view a ring—propoſed a

thouſand parties—to all which you replied with coldneſs, and returned to me, whom ſhe had hoped to ſeduce you from—However, I took no notice of you; which mortified you, and pleaſed her; and, after breakfaſt, I left the company, and returned to my cloſet. I had not been there an hour, when you rapped at the door. I opened it; but, finding who it was, was leaving the room. You intreated me to ſtay, and hear a few words you had to offer in your juſtification. I remained. Your apologies were ſo elegant, ſo ſubmiſſive—your air ſo melancholy—and your looks ſo deſpairing—that you did not find it difficult to obtain my pardon. In return, I told you whoſe portrait I wore, and added, that you would reſpect him, as well as I did, when you ſhould hear the ſtory of my life, in which he bore the principal and moſt

ſhining

ſhining part. From that time our affection for each other ſeemed to increaſe—and it was the firſt and laſt quarrel we ever had to torment us.

Lady Darnington and Lady Huntley uſed to have many converſations alone—and I thought, my Lord, after ſuch, Lady Huntley would appear cold and reſerved towards me. One day ſhe hinted, *that her ſon had better, for both our ſakes, think no more of marrying me*—"He is unacquainted," ſaid ſhe, "with your hiſtory; and, when he hears it, may perhaps alter his ſentiments in regard of you"—I was ſhocked—"Men," continued her Ladyſhip, "are unaccountable creatures—but, my dear Eliza, if you follow my advice, you will never think of truſting to any of the ſex again." "Ah! Madam," cried I, "your

Ladyſhip reaſons juſtly—but would to Heaven you had deigned to tell me ſo before!—As for my own part, dearly as I love your ſon, I could tear myſelf, I believe, from Elmſwood, in order to contribute to his felicity—but his ſoul will ſhudder at the idea of giving me up for ever.' Lady Huntley ſmiled, and aſked me *if I did not know the ſex?* I retired from her preſence, confounded, and unhappy. Soon after, Lady Huntley ſpoke more plainly on the ſubject—She told me, that Lady Darnington's daughter had conceived a paſſion for my Huntley—that with her he would poſſeſs, not only an accompliſhed perſon, but a fortune as immenſe as it would be advantageous—She threw a ſhade over my character, as it was received in the world, yet was ſo good as to do juſtice to my principles—She reminded me of my family's looking

but

but coldly on me, ſtill ſhe confeſſed there was high cruelty in it—She then drew a finiſhed and charming picture of my rival—and made it very plain to me, that my conduct was injurious, in endeavouring to engroſs you to myſelf. I could anſwer her but by my tears—for, indeed, I was not equal to that heroic exertion ſhe ſtimulated me to adopt.

About this time, you talked of ſpending ſome weeks at Sir William Radnor's —My heart trembled at the thought of your quitting Elmſwood—but Lady Huntley made me give her my promiſe not to reveal to you the leaſt part of any of her converſations on that dreadful topic—ſo I had no hope of your remaining, unleſs I made it my requeſt to you —but, by a like engagement of my word, I was prohibited from doing that—be-

ſiſter, as buſineſs preparative to our marriage, as you imagined, called you thence, I could not have prevented you, without aſſigning a reaſon for your delay. Thus I concluded to ſay nothing on the ſubject to you, but to truſt it all to God alone.

When you came to take your leave of me—ah! how charmingly you looked!—it was the laſt time I ſhould ever ſee you—this I apprehended—you threw your arms around me, and preſſed me to your boſom—The action was free—more ſo than any I ever knew you to aſſume towards me—but the mournful reflection that it was *the laſt time* prevented my chiding you for it. I wept. You ſeemed affected, even to ſadneſs—but you prayed me to conquer thoſe emotions, which, though flattering to you, pained you to excite in the tender heart of one ſo dear

to

to you. I could not reply---I ſobbed audibly. You aſked me, whether you had not better ſtay at Elmſwood, ſince I ſeemed ſo unhappy to part with you? I was juſt going to anſwer *yes*, when Lady Huntley entered the room. She caſt a terrifying look of diſpleaſure at me, and intreated you, my Lord, not to delay ſo long the buſineſs of conſequence which called you from Elmſwood---She ſmiled, at leaſt ſhe tried to ſmile, at the *folly*, as ſhe ſtyled it, of ſo much grief, when your abſence would not be long---She, in ſhort, prevailed on you to go---and, after giving me a hurried, though tender embrace, you threw yourſelf into your chaiſe---and from that moment I have not known one chearing ray of comfort.

* * * * *

You

You will think me very tedious, my Lord, in writing theſe events of my life; but my extreme weakneſs will not ſuffer me to proceed faſter---My pen is thrown down every ten minutes, in order to give me time to recover from the conſtant faintings I endure---My ſenſes, thank Heaven, are ſtill perfect, though I am altered in every other reſpect---and my form is ſo reduced, ſo emaciated, that, could your Lordſhip again behold it, you would ſcarcely believe that I could be the ſame Eliza you loved at Elmſwood.

* * * * *

When you had left the houſe, Lady Huntley reaſoned with me upon the advantages that would accrue to you from your connection with Lady Iſabella---She then put it to my love, to my diſintereſtedneſs,

teneſtedneſs, which I would have you adhere to, your engagements to me, or to the *will* of your mother, though altered, and the propoſals made you by Lady Darnington in favour of her daughter? I heſitated---I aſſured her Ladyſhip that which made you happieſt ſhould be preferred by me---but that I believed my Huntley loved me better than all the riches of Golconda---and that not even the accompliſhed mind and beauteous perſon of my rival could ever make you ſwerve from the ſincere and ardent love you profeſſed to feel for your Eliza. It was then hinted to me, that you admired Lady Iſabella more than your delicacy towards me would ſuffer you to confeſs---that you were a man of ſo peculiar a turn of mind as to abhor all engagements with a woman who had felt any former prepoſſeſſion in the favour of another---

that

that, when my ſtory became known to you, you might ſtill affect, perhaps, through kindneſs to me, a love unabated, and an attention unremitting---but that in your heart you would draw compariſons between the woman you might have had and the one you unguardedly choſe. The determination was left to me, to judge which ſide it would favourably incline to---Alas! I was too ſenſible of Lady Iſabella's perfections, not to believe you would have regretted the loſs of *her*---and (from ſuch a ſketch of your diſpoſition) I feared a little time might ſee *me* your averſion---"Ah!" cried I, "I feel it all too plainly---I will hide myſelf from the world---I will fly from Elmſwood---I will free your ſon from thoſe engagements which you tell me he repents of---I will leave this place and him for ever——yet I could not have believed that riches

and

and ſplendor would ſo far have ſeduced him from me---Alas! I have felt the ſtings of poverty---but never, even in thoſe moments, would I have ſhared the throne of a monarch whom I could not love---But I am conſcious that I am unworthy of ſo great an honour as that of being his wife---my fame, you ſay, is tarniſhed---Good God! how unjuſtly!---but tarniſhed it is---and therefore am I no object for the ambition of Lord Huntley." My tears fell in ſuch abundance, that even Lady Darnington, who was preſent, ſeemed affected---My head felt ſo ſtrangely, that I feared my ſenſes were forſaking me---and, aſking for pen and ink, I thought I would write to you before it was too late. After my letter was finiſhed, I gave it to Lady Huntley, and begged her to deliver it to you; ſhe promiſed me on her honour to do ſo, and I

make

make no doubt she has been true to her word. I then wrote to a relation of the Duke of Beauvarise, whom I had known in my childhood, who had always been very kind to me at that time, and who became a nun soon after, and was now Lady Abbess of the convent of ———, to intreat her to receive me as a pensioner in her house, from whence I hoped never to remove whilst I had life. I added, that I should be with her in two days after the receipt of my letter, and flattered myself with the expectation of being received by her with no less tenderness than I had formerly experienced from her. After it was sent away, I prepared for my departure from Elmswood with a degree of resolution that I did not think I was mistress of.

During the two days that I remained at

at that ſweet place, (a delay I could not avoid making,) I ſaw Lady Huntley but ſeldom, and the other ladies ſtill leſs often. For my part, I avoided no one—I wandered about the apartments, the groves, the garden, and every place I had converſed with you in, with a kind of melancholy pleaſure which is better imagined than expreſſed.—My tears would flow in torrents when I paſſed by your ſtudy—but when I looked on your picture, which hung in Lady Huntley's dreſſing-room, my heart was ready to break—and many a time, when I have intended to go to another part of the houſe, my ſteps have been involuntarily led to that very room—nor would I be ſenſible of having gone wrong, until the drops, which would fall from my eyes on my contemplation of that charming face, would tell me I had miſtaken the right path.

On the fatal third morning, I ordered my carriage to be got ready; and by nine o'clock every thing was prepared. Lady Huntley had not left her room at that hour; a circumſtance very unuſual with her---Lady Darnington, too, and Lady Iſabella, appeared not at breakfaſt. I took a diſh of chocolate, and endeavoured to ſwallow part of it, but in vain. I then went up to Lady Huntley's apartment, and, tapping at the door, begged admittance. As ſoon as I entered, I threw myſelf at her feet---I thanked her for her unmerited goodneſs to me, and intreated her to believe me grateful. She raiſed me with fondneſs, and embraced me in tears. Lady Huntley told me, there was one favour yet remaining which ſhe had to aſk of me---but which, before ſhe named it, I muſt promiſe to comply with. Tired of life, I did not think ſhe could

could have aſked any thing, then, that could render me more unhappy; and, without heſitation, I bound myſelf to grant her requeſt. I was ſhocked when ſhe informed me it was *only* to keep ſecret from you the place of my retreat. I told her Ladyſhip, that, by this new prohibition, ſhe had inflicted on me a ſeverer wound than any ſhe had given me before; "for by this means," cried I, "Huntley will never, though he may wiſh for it, have an opportunity of ſeeing me again---That I have ſacrificed to your ambition, Madam, my deareſt hopes, my fondeſt wiſhes, you muſt be convinced ---ah! why, then, do you deſire to perſecute me further?---If Lord Huntley ſtill loves me, I will never reſign my pretenſions to his heart---but if he is, as you ſay, altered, why this care to conceal from him my abode?---Surely your Ladyſhip

has dealt with candour by me!---Never would I leave England, did I ſuppoſe my doing ſo could coſt your ſon a pang---no, Madam, not even tho' your frowns ſhould be the conſequence." Lady Huntley then aſſured me, ſhe believed your love for me was much abated, ſince your knowledge of Lady Iſabella Trevice---"and," continued ſhe, "it will be a ſecurity for you, to keep your reſidence a ſecret; for men are inconſtant wanderers, and he may, perhaps, reflect, after his marriage with your rival, on the beauties of Eliza Warwick, with love and ardour ---his viſits, at ſuch a time, would be inconſiſtent with your virtue, and his character---I therefore make this a requeſt, not only for his ſake, but yours." This ſpeech quieted my fears of your uneaſineſs about me---and I imagined my going was a plan long concerted, and with your knowledge.

knowledge. The idea of your perfidy coſt me much miſery, many ſighs---I threw myſelf into Lady Huntley's arms, and wept aloud---I called upon God to witneſs the woes of my ſoul---I beſought Lady Huntley to forgive this firſt and laſt effuſion of them in her preſence---Then ſtarting up, I bade her adieu, and was hurrying to the door, when your picture caught my eye---I ſtopped---I claſped my hands together with a look of wildneſs, which alarmed your mother---I contemplated it in agony---At length I exclaimed, "Beſt, deareſt, moſt generous of men! farewel!---If you are falſe, may Heaven ne'er avenge it---but, if you are true---oh! my God!"---I could ſay no more, but fell ſenſeleſs into the arms of Lady Huntley. I was removed from her dreſſing-room during my inſenſibility; and, when I recovered, we bade each other

adieu with many tears. As I hurried from her, Lady Iſabella Trevice met me on the ſtairs---I made her a low curteſy---"May the Almighty bleſs you, dear Lady!" cried I, and took her hand---"You will be very happy ſoon---and my prayers for a continuance of your felicity ſhall be daily offered." Lady Iſabella was ſo good as to wipe my eyes with her handkerchief; and, bidding me keep up my ſpirits, kiſſed me, and we parted. As I got into the hall, I remembered my roſe-tree---I flew into the garden---I ſtruck down my loved ſhade---and when I arrived at that ſpot, ever dear, ever ſacred, I kneeled, and put up ſome prayers for your happineſs---I then cut off four or five roſes that bloomed, and, putting them into my boſom, I returned with a burſting heart to the houſe. There all the domeſtics met me, and lined the

court-

court-yard to bid me farewel---Many of them were audible in their ſorrow---all ſeemed affected---and, in truth, when I ſhook them by the hands, I wept very plentifully. My own ſervants regretted my carrying them from Elmſwood, tho' they aſſured me they would ever continue with me, go where I would; a reſolution that I perſuaded them all, but my own maid, to change, when I reached Dover.

Now, my Lord, behold me in my chaiſe, about to leave the place moſt dear to me, with an idea of never again ſeeing it or its loved Lord.

When I drove from the gates, I ſent forth a ſigh to my Huntley that almoſt tore my ſoul---I looked back at the manſion as long as my ſight could reach it---and when it could no more be ſeen, my

heart, I am ſatisfied, became a broken one---I grew very ill---on the road an inward fever conſumed me, and an univerſal laſſitude took poſſeſſion of my whole frame. My Watſon, who travelled in the chaiſe with me, tried to perſuade me to reſt on the way, for ſhe apprehended that my illneſs proceeded from fatigue alone; but I knew the cauſe better, and wiſhed to arrive at my convent, in order to experience the conſolatory advice of my friend, the Lady-Abbeſs; I therefore haſtened on my journey, and arrived at Dover in two days after my departure from Elmſwood. A veſſel for Calais was about to ſail immediately. Watſon and I embarked, and we were in ſome hours ſafely landed on French ground.

The ſea-ſickneſs I endured augmented my

my indiſpoſition---it was too violent for ſo weak a perſon to ſupport---and I began to think my lungs were affected---however, the longer I was on the road, the more uneaſy I became---I feared my approaching diſſolution would happen before I could reach one ſympathizing friend who would perform towards me the laſt charitable offices---I therefore travelled with as much ſpeed as poſſible until I arrived at ———, where I was received by the pious Abbeſs with all the warmth, all the tenderneſs, of a mother. I was put to-bed directly in a high fever---a fever which has never left me ſince---and which will, in a very ſhort time, compleat the work it has ſo ſucceſsfully begun.

I have little more to add to this Hiſtory, my Lord, than to aſſure you, when I received your letter, which you wrote to me on your return to Elmſwood, my

grief and deſpair exceeded all belief. I am now, I truſt, reſigned to the wiſe decrees of Providence---I behold the awful moment, which is at hand, with patience, and a joy which religion alone can inſpire---I expect with confidence a releaſe from my woes---and humbly hope for a happy tranſlation to the boſom of my God.

* * * * *

And now, my Lord, nothing more remains but to bid you an eternal adieu! ——Dear Huntley!---beſt-beloved of my ſoul!---receive from your Eliza her dying wiſhes, her prayers, for your happineſs. ---May Lady Iſabella Trevice beſtow on you that ſhare of felicity which it was denied me to aſſiſt you in obtaining!—— Lady Iſabella is virtuous, innocent, and beautiful---Eliza Warwick is---Nothing.

To Miſs WARWICK.

LIVE, live, for your Huntley, my adored, my injured, my virtuous Eliza! —Lady Huntley has taken compaſſion on my ſufferings, and informed me of the place of your retreat—I fly to you upon the wings of love—I breathe but to expreſs the ardour, the ſincerity, of my affection—I wait only for your friend Dr. H——, who has promiſed to be my companion to Dijon—he will, I flatter myſelf, reinſtate you once more in health —your Huntley will reſtore you to happineſs. Ah! my Eliza! ſhould fate ſeparate———There is madneſs in the thought!———I will hope—yes, my ever-charming, my ever-amiable miſtreſs, I will hope, that Heaven, in pity to my prayers, will ſpare a life ſo precious. I know

know not why I write—I ſhall be with you, perhaps, ſooner than this letter—— Oh! what tranſport, what exultation, is in the idea of claſping Eliza once more to my conſtant heart!——Chace from you this cruel illneſs—be yourſelf again—and, ah! live to make happy

Your faithful,

your adoring

HUNTLEY.

To Lady HUNTLEY.

I AM arrived, Madam, at Dijon; and though I have been here ſome hours, I have not yet ſeen the object of my anxious thoughts. A Madame de Granville, whoſe character does honour to her ſex, and who is a particular friend to the Abbeſs of the convent my Eliza was in, perſuaded Miſs Warwick, for the benefit of purer air, to ſuffer herſelf to be removed to her houſe, which ſtands upon a hill at ſome little diſtance from Dijon, and which commands the moſt extenſive and beautiful proſpect. After ſome difficulty, the gentle ſufferer conſented to do as they would have her, and ſhe was conveyed in a litter to the ſeat of Madame de Granville. The little journey has affected her much, and her ſtrength and ſpirits have not yet recovered it.

On our arrival, we went immediately to the convent of ———, We were there informed, by the Lady of the houſe, of Miſs Warwick's removal to Madame de Granville's; and the reverend and amiable nun gave me a letter to that lady. She ſeemed overjoyed at the mention of my name, and offered up ſome pious ejaculations for my preſervation. As ſoon as Dr. H—— and I quitted her preſence, we directly ſet off for Madame de Granville's. She received us with all the affability and politeneſs ſo natural to the French; and it is from her houſe I now write.

Dr. H—— will not let me appear until he has prepared Eliza to behold me. When ſhe received my letter, which was but laſt night, ſhe lifted up her languid eyes to Heaven to beſeech its bleſſing on me,

me, and, putting her hand upon Madame de Granville's arm, ſhe exclaimed, "This dear friend, Madam, of whom you have heard me ſpeak, is coming to make me happy, he ſays—ah! that can never be again"—and, with a ſmile, ſhe laid her hand on her heart, and cried, "I feel—I feel it is too late." The Lady endeavoured to reaſon her out of that notion, as it ſeemed to make an impreſſion on her that might have a fatal effect. "No," continued ſhe, "there you miſtake—I really do not wiſh to live—not even for my Huntley—I have had ſo many hopes, ſo many fears, to contend with, that I am weary of expectation—I have looked, for ſome time paſt, beyond this world for happineſs—and God Almighty has at laſt decreed that my wiſh ſhould be fulfilled—I die, Madam," added the angelic creature—"I die ſatisfied——Perhaps my

Huntley

Huntley will come time enough to receive my laſt ſigh—If he ſhould not—ah! tell him that *that* ſigh belongs to him."—— But why do I reflect ſo deeply?—Ah! Lady Huntley, my tears flow like a weak girl's—my fears diſtract me——If ſhe ſhould be ſo ill indeed—ah! if I ſhould loſe—never, never, ſhall I taſte of comfort more. Dr. H—— comes out of her apartment—he beckons my approach.

* * * * *

I have ſeen her—but, ah! my God! how altered!—how emaciated!—Death has, indeed, began his ravaging work—and I ſhall be deprived of her for ever ——I am come from her, in order that ſhe ſhould try to ſleep—I know not what to do with myſelf—my thoughts are all horror and confuſion.

* * * * *

I will write on—I will deſcribe our meeting.

When I left you, to attend Dr. H—, I aſked him eagerly how he found her? He ſhook his head, and taking me by the arm, he led me into another room —"My dear Lord Huntley," ſaid he, "medicine has no power in this caſe— Nature ſeems worn out—ſhe has not, I fear, many hours to live." He turned aſide to wipe away the humane drops that fell from his eyes. As for me, I did not weep—but my brain appeared to take fire. He went on—"She is in ſo confirmed a decay, that miracle alone can reſtore her—and in ſo ſwift a one, that we arrived but in time to bid her adieu." The room ſeemed to turn round with me—My head was ſtrangely affected—I fell into a chair—I endeavoured to conceal

conceal my agonies—I aſked 'if I might not ſee her?' Dr. H—— told me I muſt ſtrive not to hurry, not to diſcompoſe her—"You muſt yourſelf be calm," ſaid he. I promiſed to be ſo—and he led me to the door of her apartment. He entered firſt, and aſking her whether ſhe would object to ſee her friend Lord Huntley, ſhe anſwered, in a weak tho' ſtill harmonious accent, "*Object to ſee him!*—ah! no, Sir—I have endeavoured to prepare my ſoul to receive with compoſure the mortal deareſt to it—I am reſigned, let what will happen—and I can now bear, without emotion, even the ſight of Huntley." I then approached—She was ſitting on a ſopha, ſupported by pillows, dreſſed in white—and, tho' altered by the extreme thinneſs of her form, ſhe was at that moment lovelier than any other woman I ever ſaw in health. She

would

would have ariſen on my appearance—but I prevented her, by throwing myſelf at her feet, and holding her hands in mine. She ſmiled on me, as I fixed my eyes in her face, and aſked me *if I knew her again?* 'Ah!' cried I, 'why, why that queſtion?—Do not theſe emotions teſtify that my heart is devoted to you alone?' She bowed her head towards me—and I kiſſed with rapture thoſe cheeks, thoſe lips, on which the fluſh of health and beauty had ſo lately been conſpicuous—I ſpoke to her of our marriage—I intreated her to name an early day for its celebration. "Ah!" returned ſhe, "no more of that, my Huntley!—Death will ſoon claim me for his own—and in his meagre form I ſhall view charms unſpeakable——Life is no longer dear to me—I have loſt all ſenſe of its joys—and am equally inſenſible of its

pangs." She ſoon after fainted—and until ſhe again opened her eyes my miſery was beyond conception.

She aſked Dr. H—— if he remembered her faithful Jennet? The good man aſſured her he did, and that her death had often given him concern. "You behold here, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "one like her, worn out with care and ſorrow—this difference, indeed, is in our fate, that her age was comfortleſs, whilſt my youth is nipt in its bud, with delightful proſpects before me, could I live—May I die with her reſolution!—and may we meet and know each other in Heaven!" She claſped her hands with joy and fervour at the bare idea, and ſunk back upon her pillows. She reached me her hand, which I preſſed to my boſom—and, looking ſtedfaſtly at me, ſhe exclaimed,

claimed, "My God! he looks pale!—It is I who am the cauſe of this altered countenance—Tell me, are you not well?" 'Yes,' anſwered I, 'but I will ſoon follow you—your Huntley ſhall protect you in the unknown world you are launching into—he ſhall be your ſafeguard, your attendant, ever.' "No," cried ſhe, with a firm voice, "no, I charge thee—hurry not thy departure from hence before it pleaſes Heaven to give thee thy diſmiſſion—Fear not for me—I ſhall find a friendly conductor on my way—and with him I'll wait in expectation of thy coming." She then waved her hand for us to retire—and Madame de Granville ſays ſhe has compoſed herſelf to reſt.

* * * * *

It is now three hours ſince we left her to repoſe—and ſhe has not ſtirred, or rung her bell. I am alarmed—Who knows but this ſleep is her laſt—or rather that it is the ſleep of death itſelf!——Oh! that idea——'tis horror's voice that ſpeaks!—— ——I will be compoſed—I will hope—my God, I will hope the beſt—— ——Oh! Madam!——my breaking heart!

* * * * *

Another hour is paſſed, and ſtill ſhe is quiet. Dr. H—— appears uneaſy—Madame de Granville is bathed in tears—and Watſon wrings her hands, and laments the loſs of her angelic lady——I can neither weep nor complain—My head feels ſtrangely—but my ſoul is tortured!——Hark!—I hear a noiſe—

Madame

Madame de Granville is at my door——She lives!—and one ray of comfort darts on my thoughts ——She has ſent to ſpeak to me—I fly to attend her.

* * * * *

Eliza Warwick is gone——ſhe is gone for ever!————Too cruel mother!—inhuman Lady Huntley!—behold—*now behold the fatal effects of Ambition!*——She died in my arms—She ſmiled to the laſt———But, hark!——her voice!—her ſtep!—her form!———Eliza, thou ſhalt not wander eternity alone—Huntley ſwears thou ſhalt not.

* * * * *

Who called me?————I was with her—I gave her comfort—I opened my

arms to ſhield her from violence——— She whiſpers that ſhe is happy—ſhe bids me follow———My head is too hot—cool it—eaſe it with thy ſoft hand, my Eliza!

But how is this?—My mother, ſay ye?——No, no, no—not my mother—She has murdered———Lady Huntley ſleeps in peace—but Eliza—ah! *ſhe* will never ſleep again.

Dr.

Dr. H—— *to Lady* HUNTLEY.

I AM ſorry, Madam, to be the meſſenger of ſorrow to your Ladyſhip—but, alas! the cruel taſk muſt be impoſed on ſome one—and who ſo proper to undertake it as a friend?—In that light, Madam, I conſider myſelf to your family—and wiſh that my ſympathy could leſſen the weight of your affliction.

Lord Huntley is dangerouſly ill—and has been delirious ever ſince the death of the ſweet, excellent Miſs Warwick—— The ſcene was affecting—your Ladyſhip may wiſh to know it—and I will, with all the compoſure I am maſter of, relate it to you.

After a ſleep of ſome hours, from which I ſcarcely expected ſhe would have awakened, Miſs Warwick deſired to ſee Lord Huntley and his friend. We repaired to her apartment immediately. On our approach, ſhe reached forth a hand to each. I took one with reverence---Lord Huntley received the other in ſilent agony---"Doctor," ſaid the dear lady, "I thank you for your goodneſs to me---you have, indeed, been ever kind, ever compaſſionate, to me---and for my dear Jennet, whom you attended with unremitting zeal, I beg of God to bleſs you---Nay, do not weep, dear Sir---I ſhall be happy." She then turned to your ſon, who was kneeling by her---"Come, my dear Huntley! take comfort---your Eliza makes it her dying requeſt---We ſhall meet again---I will implore the Almighty to ſuffer me to be your guardian angel---I will

hover

hover over you---I will give you notice (if that may be permitted me) of the moment of your death——In the mean time, adieu! my beſt, my deareſt friend!" and ſhe embraced him with affection. Lord Huntley held her to his boſom, and cried, with eagerneſs, 'By Heaven you ſhall not go!---or I will fall before you.' She raiſed her head from his ſhoulder, and looking at him with fixed attention---"If ever I was dear to you, preſerve your life---think on all I have ſuffered, and reflect whether my trials have not been more ſevere than this one ſtroke ---Religion held my hand---and I am *now*, my Huntley, at this awful inſtant, happy." She then preſented him with a miniature of herſelf, and bade him to remember, when he looked upon it, her love---her gratitude---her friendſhip. He held it to his lips. "And now," cried

the

the dying angel, "and now, my Huntley! it is all over"---He threw his arms about her---her cold hands claſped his neck---"Adieu! my love!---my deareſt Huntley! a long farewel!" She then raiſed up her eyes to Heaven---and after offering up ſome pious ejaculations, in which ſhe pronounced the name of Jeſus audibly, her gentle and ſpotleſs ſoul diſengaged from the lovely form of clay which had ſo long confined it, and winged its flight, without one ſtruggle, to the manſions of the bleſſed.

It is now, Madam, that I find my pen unequal to the taſk of deſcription---it would be preſumptuous for ſuch a one as mine to attempt to repreſent the grief, the deſpair, the horror, of the unfortunate Marquis. He would not be prevailed on to leave the lifeleſs form of his angel

angel (as he called her), nor could all I could ſay, or the melancholy ſcene before him, provoke one tear from his eye. His countenance was dark and gloomy---his eyes had a ſort of fixed and ſteady look, which I had never obſerved in them before. He often called on her, and ſeemed to expect her reply. He would then claſp his hands together, and exclaim, *that ſhe was murdered.* He ſoon after complained of his head, and began to talk very incoherently. I will not repeat the many pathetic, the many affecting things his ſorrow and madneſs uttered---it is enough to ſay, a fainting fit, which was occaſioned by the conflict he had long endured, afforded us an opportunity of conveying him from the diſmal ſight of death to his own apartment. After his recovery from it, he appeared more compoſed, and called for pen and ink,

ink, to write to your Ladyſhip. He wrote not long at a time, but would now and then return to it, with a kind of wildneſs in his looks and manner, which alarmed me greatly for him. I believed his mention of the ſubject that had given him ſo much pain affected him deeply, and I ſtole out of his room the materials for writing, in order to prevent his dwelling on the fatal deſcription. He miſſed them not---he had forgot that he had written---and from that hour Lord Huntley has neither appeared, nor ſpoken, like himſelf. I muſt confeſs to you, Madam, that I think him very ill---nay, more, that, if a change for the better does not happen in twenty-four hours, I ſhall deſpair of his ever conquering the violence of his diſorder.

I ſend this away immediately, that your

Ladyſhip

Ladyſhip may be prepared for the worſt; and will write again when the period arrives which will either revive or kill my hopes.

I muſt once more repine at being obliged to communicate ſuch mournful tidings---and beg leave to aſſure you, Madam, that you ſcarcely can feel more on this occaſion than I do.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient and devoted ſervant,

Dijon.

W——H——.

To Sir WILLIAM RADNOR.

SIR,

TO your delicacy, and your friendſhip for Lady Huntley, muſt I conſign the painful taſk of diſcloſing to her an event, for which, I fear, ſhe is but ill prepared, and which muſt mark her future days with ſorrow and repentance.

I will make no apologies for impoſing on you ſo diſagreeable an office---If I was not convinced of the generoſity of your friendſhip, which is ever ready to expoſe your ſenſibility to ſuffering, in order to prove ſerviceable to an object worthy of eſteem, you would be the laſt man in the world to whom I would thus write,

or to whom this commiſſion ought to be intruſted.

At this moment, Sir, my tears ſtream for the loſs of a friend---a loſs ſo recent, and ſo fatal, that it calls for more fortitude than I poſſeſs to behave on the occaſion with any compoſure---How will you ſuffer, when you are informed, that the young, the blooming, the amiable Lord Huntley———yes, Sir——Lord Huntley, expired this morning---in a ſituation the moſt deplorable---the moſt affecting---to be conceived.

I cannot, at this time, be particular---ſuffice it to ſay, his head was touched by deſpair---his heart was broken by grief. At twelve laſt night I obſerved his diſorder was paſt the reach of medicine; and the phyſicians whoſe help I had ſummoned

moned from Paris as ſoon as he was taken ill, all declared, with me, that his diſſolution was near. Lord Huntley had an interval of reaſon, which continued during the laſt hour of his life---He intreated, in that time, to be carried into the chamber of the lifeleſs Miſs Warwick ---I indulged him in the requeſt---and, with many embraces, and joyful exclamations, he ſpoke to his dead Eliza, and told her *he obeyed her call.* Then, turning, he addreſſed himſelf thus to me:

"My dear friend," and he took my hand, "I feel---I know that I have but a few minutes longer to remain in this world---I have beheld Eliza arrayed in all her charms, who has beckoned me to thoſe celeſtial places where her felicity is not entirely perfect till I join her---I go, my good Dr. H—, without one regret---

nay,

nay, with a joy that I never experienced before——Comfort my mother---beg Sir William Radnor to aſſiſt, with his friendly aſſiduity, and peculiar good-nature, the painful taſk---tell her I love and reſpect her, with affection and duty---and that what ſhe has done lately proceeded rather from an error in her judgment, than any ill intention of her heart---and that idea muſt be her conſolation——He pauſed ——He then bade me adieu---and, expreſſing himſelf in a ſtyle of the moſt perfect devotion to the Omnipotent Creator, whoſe ſcourge he had kiſſed with patience, threw his arms around his lovely partner in affliction, and breathed his laſt on her boſom.

What a field do the melancholy corſes, I have juſt ceaſed to gaze upon, afford for reflection! When I look on them,

I *behold the fatal conſequences of pernicious ambition*———But I muſt reſtrain my pen——Unhappy, misjudging mother! how are you puniſhed!

I muſt intreat, Sir, your ſpeedy commands about the manner of conveying the precious remains of Lord Huntley and his Eliza to England; and have the honour to be,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Dijon.

W—— H——.

FINIS

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